



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 18, No. 15

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors,
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.)

TORONTO, CANADA, FEB. 18, 1905.

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5.

Whole No. 899

Things in General

IN speaking to a correspondent of the *Toronto Star*, Bishop Legal of St. Albert, N.W.T., said: "If any change were to be introduced we would go on fighting till we again secured straight Separate schools, just as Manitoba is going to fight till the minority gets its rights." The *Orange Sentinel* says: "The attitude taken in 1896 was that a province should not be coerced. It is strong ground still. But if a province should not be coerced into establishing Separate schools, it follows that it should not be coerced into rejecting Separate schools. Consequently, the logical position for Ontario electors is to remain silent and allow the measure to become law, if the Territories are satisfied." The *Catholic Register* follows Bishop Legal and the *Sentinel* in proper order. It says: "The Register has no doubt whatever that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will maintain every right guaranteed by the Parliament of Canada in 1875 to the minority in the North-West Territories. As we said some weeks ago, the school case in the North-West Territories is settled, and any thought of unsettling it now by throwing it back upon the province can only be entertained by persons who do not understand the constitution of Canada."

I have placed the opinion of the *Sentinel* between the expressed opinions of Bishop Legal and the *Catholic Register* because it looks well in that position, and indicates clearly which way the wind blows. From every hint that has been dropped at Ottawa, and from the attitude of the press of both political parties, it seems pretty certain that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden will not run much chance of coming to blows over the incorporation of the Separate school clause in the legislation creating new provinces in the North-West Territories. It looks as if the two parties have made up their minds to hush the unpleasant affair through the House with the greatest speed possible, but that no one may be hurt in the handling. This is only supposition, but it is not necessary that one should be hit on the head with a club before danger can be detected. The attitude of the Bishop from the West is the attitude of the Hierarchy on all questions which affect the interests of the church. The Roman Catholic clergy will fight till they win. It doesn't matter whether they have any rights, they are out for aggression and always have been and always will be. If they fool anyone the persons fooled have themselves to blame. The history of the Hierarchy is known, and that should be sufficient warning against its methods. As for the cry about "the rights of the minority," that is a silly and impertinent howl which the Roman clergy always raise whenever their plans for grabbing something to which they have no right meet with opposition. In Canada every religion is in the minority—and if the "rights" of the various minorities must be respected, we must have Separate Methodist schools, Baptist schools, Presbyterian schools, Anglican schools, Mormon schools, Hebrew schools, Buddhist schools, Confucianist schools, and schools for every other religious body of which our mixed population is made up. The impertinent claims of the Roman Catholic clergy to special privileges, merely because Roman Catholics happen to be in the minority, as every other religious body, taken by itself, is in the minority, would be laughable were it not that the Hierarchy succeeds in playing one political party against the other, almost invariably with the result satisfactory to itself.

Look at the attitude of the *Sentinel*, the organ of *Orangeism* in this province, and then try to imagine a vigorous fight being put up by the Ontario members of the Opposition when Separate schools in the new provinces are proposed in the Dominion House. Mr. E. F. Clarke is one of the leaders of the Conservative party in Parliament, and a very prominent Orangeman—yet his paper, the *Sentinel*—claims that, unless the people of the North-West Territories kick up such a row that Ontario is forced to take action in their behalf, "the logical position for Ontario electors is to remain silent and allow the measure to become law." This means that Ontario should remain silent while Quebec continues to make our laws for us. It is all very well for Quebec to govern Canada when the other provinces can't help themselves, but when the other provinces can help themselves it is a miserable piece of cowardice for Ontario members of Parliament to sit with their fists stuck in their mouths, afraid to speak, lest some priest should call a few votes away from them. The claim advanced by the *Sentinel*—that Ontario can not object to Separate schools in the West unless the representatives of the West come out in opposition to them—is absurd. If the fate of the school system is to be decided by the Dominion House, it is the duty of each member of that House to vote in the manner which he deems the more advantageous to Canada. Why should the question come before the House if the members are not to express an opinion on it merely because their opinion may not be the opinion of the people of the West. The responsibility for enacting or refraining from enacting provisions for Separate schools in the new provinces does not rest upon the shoulders of the representatives in Parliament of the North-West Territories, or upon the people of the North-West Territories themselves. When the matter is dealt with by the Dominion House it is a Dominion question, decided by the members of the Dominion Parliament—and the responsibility for whatever action is taken rests solely with the members of the Dominion Parliament.

If the Federal Government desires to avoid the responsibility of tying the new provinces up to Separate schools forever, all it has to do is carry the autonomy legislation through without making any reference to Separate schools. Let it leave the new provinces free to deal with their school system or systems as they think best. If the West is so thoroughly satisfied with the present system, why should it be necessary for the Federal Government to cause itself inestimable trouble and annoyance by forcing the people to accept something with which they are already provided and with which they find no fault? Why should the Bishops and the *Catholic Register* persist in their demands for a Federal law guaranteeing Separate schools, when they have them already and when the people, it is claimed, are satisfied with them? Yet "the Register has no doubt whatever that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will maintain every right guaranteed by the Parliament of Canada in 1875 to the minority in the North-West Territories." The fact is that the people of the West are not satisfied with Separate schools, but have been fighting them and gradually stamping them out ever since the majority of the people were no longer under the control of the priests. Realizing this, the Hierarchy is making a desperate fight to have provision for Separate schools form a part of the constitution of the new provinces before they are finally reformed by the Territorial Government to such an extent that they will exist in name only. It remains to be seen whether the Dominion Government will follow the line adopted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he first came into power or turn a complete handspring and attempt to play the game that put Sir Charles Tupper out of business.

SO far as the investigation into the charges of unfairness in the awarding of scholarships at Toronto University went, on Saturday last, the indications that a satisfactory conclusion will be reached seem clear. The first step—the appointing of counsel for the interested parties—is highly commendable, for only with the assistance of counsel can the evidence be put into proper shape and presented to the Committee in regular order. Left to themselves, the various parties possessing information likely to be of service would be unable to decide what course to follow, and being entirely disorganized and probably unknown to each other, would either refrain from giving evidence at all or make a hopeless mess of the whole business. The general invitation, for all persons possessing information to come forward and tell what they know, is doubtless generous, but I seriously ques-

tion whether it will be gratefully accepted by many of those to whom it is directed. A summons, while less courteous, will, I think, prove more effective. Doubtless this form of invitation will be adopted in case the request prove unsatisfactory.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Brebner, the Registrar of the University, is unable to be present at the investigation. It is claimed by some of those interested in the matter that he would prove a most valuable witness, could he be induced to return to Toronto and give evidence. The plan recommended by the Committee—that of putting the questions which it is desired that he should answer into writing and taking his answers under oath—is a good alternative to his coming back, but it is in no sense so satisfactory as an examination and cross-examination in the witness-box. The objection to Mr. Brebner's return is not unlike that which may be made by other witnesses. Some of them, I believe, no longer reside in Toronto, and would be put to great inconvenience in coming here to give evidence. They surely can not be expected to abandon their interests and incur considerable travelling expenses without some remuneration. Their expenses at least should be paid. And this brings up the question of the counsel's fees. Granted that the party making the charges which brought about this investigation followed the course he did from no personal motives—as I believe to be the case—but from a desire to correct an abuse which could not fail to injure the University, it seems unreasonable to expect that he should engage a lawyer at his own expense to conduct the prosecution, when he has nothing to gain and probably a considerable liability to incur by so doing. The uncertainty as to who is responsible for the fees of the counsel appointed to represent the dissatisfied students is likely to cause some hesitation on the part of certain undergraduates who may have information to give, but have not the means, or perhaps the desire, to render themselves liable

regard to the workings of the Post-office Department would be viewed with some suspicion, but as they have been pretty quiet for a considerable time now, and as there have been many complaints of a similar nature from other quarters, an investigation is in order. The charges preferred against the Department are serious, it being claimed by the colonists that letters and parcels are frequently opened and their contents abstracted, that duty is demanded and bloodshed in Russia and his pointed comment on the war with Japan make Mr. Roosevelt's expressions of disapproval of the Kishineff massacre appear rather cheap by comparison. While it is undoubted that the Russian troubles are painful for any peace-loving man to observe, it must be remembered that the Russian people—including the Russian Czar and Government—rightfully regard their mix-ups as their own, in which any outside interference or suggestions are distasteful. The sympathy of the entire civilized world is with the Russian people.

THE Pope is evidently determined that President Roosevelt shall not occupy unchallenged the position of chief butter-in in the international arena. His rebuke to the Czar for the continuance of disorders and bloodshed in Russia and his pointed comment on the war with Japan make Mr. Roosevelt's expressions of disapproval of the Kishineff massacre appear rather cheap by comparison. While it is undoubted that the Russian troubles are painful for any peace-loving man to observe, it must be remembered that the Russian people—including the Russian Czar and Government—rightfully regard their mix-ups as their own, in which any outside interference or suggestions are distasteful. The sympathy of the entire civilized world is with the Russian people.



THE GREAT INTERROGATIVE BUGABOO WHICH IS FRIGHTENING THE LITTLE BOYS AT OTTAWA.

for a bill of costs. Students as a rule are not rolling in wealth, as in many cases their parents still live, and as a lawyer cannot be expected to take up a case and conduct it from mere enthusiasm, the Committee should guarantee his fees, that every obstacle to obtaining complete evidence may be removed. However, there is every reason to believe that this Committee means business and will leave nothing undone to get at the truth. That is what both parties to the dispute demand, and that is what the people of the province expect.

THE New York and Vermont fishermen, who made complaints to the Canadian Government in regard to alleged depredations committed by Canadian fishermen in the St. Lawrence River and Lake Champlain, have now appealed to President Roosevelt to take the matter up with the Dominion officials and have the alleged wrongs righted. Had this course been taken in the first place, it is very likely that a satisfactory result would already have been reached. If citizens of the United States have any claim to make against the Dominion of Canada, such claims should be made through their own Government. President Roosevelt's promise to place the case before Earl Grey has evidently been misunderstood by some of the sensational Yankee papers, which interpret the President's promise as a snub to the Laurier Government. The belief is evidently still common in the United States that the Governor-General is a sort of final court of appeal, and that he is free to act independently of his constitutional advisers and in opposition to their wishes. President Roosevelt's expressed intention to place the case before Lord Grey is merely another way of saying he intends to call the attention of the Dominion Government to the matter.

AT a recent general meeting of the famous Barr Colonists, who came to Canada from England a couple of years ago with a great beating of drums and tooting of horns, and settled in the North-West Territories, very grave charges were brought against the Post-office Department, charges which should be investigated without delay. Like a great many Englishmen who come to Canada, these Barr people have been able to demonstrate that they are expert kickers of a high order. They seem to have come to Canada with the expectation that they were to be regarded as conferring a great favor on us by their presence—and perhaps they were a little disappointed when the Governor-General failed to meet them at the wharf at Halifax and show them to their new country seats. They fought among themselves nearly all the way out to their place of location and had a free fight with their pilot—Mr. Barr—when they got there. Under ordinary circumstances their complaints in

as opposed to the Russian autocracy, but it would be regarded as an unwarranted impertinence on the part of a foreign potentate or government to tender unsolicited advice to the distracted Czar as to how he should straighten out this domestic tangle. Of course the Pope's position among the crowned heads of the world is unique. One of his most important duties is, presumably, to promote peace and good will, but he is so constantly engaged in the ordinary work of an international politician striving to obtain a concession for his church here and any kind of advantage there, that his efforts in the cause of peace are not unnaturally viewed with some suspicion. In the North-West Separate school question now occupying our own attention, he is reported to have "insisted" on having the Separate schools conceded to his church—and all self-respecting Canadians must regard such "insistence" as impertinent. It is not unnatural that the Czar and Government of Russia should view his unsolicited suggestions concerning the settlement of Russian troubles in much the same light. Russia is at present undergoing an experience not likely to make her more sweet-tempered than she is under ordinary circumstances—and it will be wise for any foreign rulers or governments to stand clear and permit her to wrestle with the problem in her own way. The well-meaning meddling is never welcome. The surest way to get oneself disliked is to take a hand in a family quarrel.

A SUGGESTION has been made in regard to the unsatisfactory King street car service which deserves the immediate attention of the management of the Toronto Railway Company. It is to have King and Queen streets provided with a loop line as well as with the independent service for each street. As King street forms a junction with Queen street at both the east and the west ends of the city, such a loop-line service could be introduced without any considerable expense or delay. This seems to me the most satisfactory solution of the problem of congested traffic on the main cross-town lines.

IT was generally thought, when Mr. Whitney first rounded up the members of his Cabinet and branded them, that the care he exercised in blending the representatives of various religious beliefs—in so far as religions can be represented by politicians—was to be commended as good politics though it was altogether unstatesmanlike. Now the wisdom of his action, even when judged by the standard of cheap politics, seems at least doubtful. If his catering to sects had been permitted to pass without comment, it would have been all right—from Mr. Whitney's standpoint—but so much criticism has been indulged in that the attention of the people

has been called to his methods, and the result is jealousy and discontent on the part of those whose supposed interests have been overlooked. The *Montreal Gazette*, in commenting on the religious complexion of the Cabinet, says:

It has been discovered that there is not a Presbyterian in the new Ontario Government. The opportunity is one for the Presbyterians of the province to show themselves to be worthy followers of the men who created their faith, by refusing to become agitated over the situation. There is no reason why there should be a Presbyterian in any Government in Canada. The Presbyterian has no interest different from that of men who are not Presbyterians.

Of course there is no reason why there should be a Presbyterian member of the Cabinet—but neither should there be (as such) any Roman Catholic, Methodist or Anglican, holding a Cabinet position. The principle of creed representation in either Cabinet or House is indefensible, but once such a principle is recognized, the Presbyterians and all other religious bodies have a right to regard their being overlooked as an affront—and the surest way in which a stop can be put to the practice of placing certain gentlemen at the heads of various departments, not because of their ability, but because they happen to profess a certain religious belief, is by encouraging those churches which are overlooked to demand the same treatment that is accorded other denominations. This would bring the question to a head and expose the absurdity of the practice. If all the religious bodies of Canada were to demand Cabinet representation there wouldn't be nearly enough positions to go round—and as they couldn't make every member of the House a Cabinet Minister without portfolio, the party leaders would be forced either to abandon sectarian favoritism or to give offence to a considerable portion of the population.

A STORY that the Gamey charges are to be reinvestigated has got abroad. This seems to be another indication that the Tories don't know what to do with their newly-acquired power, but thinking they must do something, some of the enthusiasts of the party want to start in and do over again everything with which the Ross administration was ever connected. The Whitney Government will find plenty to keep it busy without raking up old scandals which are dead and buried. Mr. Gamey, when asked as to the likelihood of the infamous case being re-opened, is reported to have said that he knew nothing of it, but that there were some points connected with it which should be cleaned up. Of such points Mr. Gamey is about the only one that needs attention.

THE Chief of Police has written a letter asking that railings be placed on University avenue at appropriate places to prevent pedestrians who are in a hurry or are inconsiderate from walking on the grass of the boulevards in making a short-cut. Niagara Falls cannot be stopped by a broom, and if the people will not recognize the propriety of not injuring the grass in their hurry by taking short cuts across it, barriers that would not be unsightly will not prevent them. Policemen's uniforms or two-foot barriers never taught people good manners, aestheticism or consideration in this world. It is a matter that will have to be left to the taste of the people. If the people who consider themselves joint owners of the highway choose to diminish its attractiveness, it will require something more than a two-foot railing to prevent them.

CALGARY, Edmonton and Red Deer have respectively sent deputations to Ottawa to advocate their several claims to be the capital of the prospective province of which they are at present important commercial centers. Under any circumstances, the decision of such a question is fruitful of unpleasant consequences to the Government. The rivalry of neighboring Ontario towns in matters varying from hockey to manufacturing sometimes approaches a degree that rivals the intense antagonism of some of the clans of the Scottish Highlands in other days, but in the booming towns of the Canadian North-West it is a matter of self-interest as well as of association and tradition. The question of deciding the Federal capital at Confederation became of such bitter interest in Canada that the decision had to be left to the monarch, and even yet Montreal feels that the choice of Ottawa is the one flaw in the blameless life of the late Queen. For the peace of Ottawa it is to be hoped that the wild and woolly Western deputations from Calgary, Edmonton and Red Deer are quartered at different hotels and that efforts are made to prevent their meeting. The rotunda of the Russell House might be, perchance, the scene of a conflict that would disturb the saunterings of the lobbyist and the fitful slumbers of the Senators in the arm-chairs. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to be sympathized with. Frank Oliver, M.P. for Alberta, is a resident of Edmonton, which has loyally supported him in local and federal contests for years. Sir Wilfrid has already had considerable difficulty in roping the "wild steer of the Western plains," as Mr. Oliver is affectionately called, on ordinary party divisions. One can imagine the rampage that will ensue on the floor of the House if Edmonton is not named as the capital of the Province of Alberta. It will take two sessions at least to get Mr. Oliver back into the corral again.

MR. DONALD McMASTER, K.C., the distinguished Montreal lawyer, is about to leave for England, where he will practice before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Hon. Edward Blake has been engaged in like practice for several years. Many of the prominent members of the Canadian Bar have at different times held briefs at the highest court in the British Empire. The fact that eminent Canadian lawyers find it profitable to practice before the Privy Council shows not only the growth of transactions in Canada of sufficient importance to warrant an appeal to London, but also that the professional standing of Canadians is sufficiently high to insure the briefs being given to them. What with quick communication between the Motherland and the outlying parts of the Empire, the interchange of men of the highest intellectual rank, and the trend of trade, there are probably greater forces silently working towards the realization of the dream of Imperial Federation than could be set in motion by any clearly defined plan outlined by even such a brilliant man as Joseph Chamberlain.

CORRESPONDENTS of a number of Paris newspapers, who interviewed General Stoessel and some of the naval officers returning from Port Arthur, report the most bitter animosity to exist between the military and naval commanders and between various factions in the navy. General Stoessel and Admiral Lockinsky—a particularly happy name for one of the defenders of Port Arthur—are reported to be not on speaking or saluting terms, while Admiral Lockinsky has expressed his determination to denounce General Stoessel. Admiral Skrydloff, Admiral Alexieff and pretty nearly everyone else—probably General Nogi—before the court-martial which is to try General Stoessel on his arrival at St. Petersburg. If these reports are true—and such a condition is easily understood—the fall of Port Arthur is not remarkable. Nothing can succeed while quarrels are rife in the ranks of a party which should be united. The troubles of General Stoessel cannot yet be fully appreciated. The irresistible attacks of the Japanese were sufficiently distracting without the commander's being forced to struggle against cowardly and treacherous enemies within the fortress. The action of the Russian navy was from first to last contemptible. On no occasion did it attempt to put up a good fight, and whenever it did make a faint-hearted bluff it invariably sneaked back behind the guns of the fortress as soon as Admiral Togo came within effective range. In spite of the charges made by the correspondent of the *London Times*,

who claims that Stoessel had no good reason to surrender when he did, and in spite of the malicious attacks of the discredited naval officers, general Stoessel has the admiration of the world for his brilliant defence of Port Arthur for many months after the most competent authorities had pronounced such a defence hopeless. His forces never failed to give a good account of themselves, and no position was surrendered so long as human courage and endurance could beat off as heroic and skilful attacks as have been delivered in the history of modern warfare. The correspondent of the London Times may be a competent judge—he may know what he is talking about when he criticizes the defence—but I should prefer to place reliance in the judgment of a tried soldier of Stoessel's standing, when the point to be decided is the powers of endurance of a fort, than in the opinion of a thoroughly competent but unmilitary newspaper correspondent. There can be no doubt that the Russian general put up a great fight. The fact that he failed should not rob him of credit for what he did. He knew he had nothing to gain by surrendering, and it is only reasonable to suppose that he held out as long as his means of defence would justify. The idea that fear prompted his decision to surrender is absurd. Any man who went through what he endured for months can never be justly accused of cowardice. His surrender can be explained only by admitting that it was the only sane course open to him. In every modern war newspaper correspondents have made and unmade reputations with the same freedom as that with which cable and telegraph lies to their employers. The newspaper man is supposed to be sent to the front to report facts, not to sit in final judgment on the tactics of tried generals. When he knows and does too much he becomes a mischief-maker with very great possibilities. It is a common habit among persons of unlovely disposition to jump on anyone who happens to get floored and to kick his ribs in—no matter how good a fight he may have put up before being beaten. Newspaper correspondents at the front in the present war, and the Russian military authorities at St. Petersburg who are about to court-martial the only one of their generals who has distinguished himself, seem to divide between them the available supply of the undesirable trait of character which prompts this "kick him when he's down" attitude. All the rest of the world regards Stoessel as a hero.

MILITARISM is supposed to have as high a worldly code as any human organization. There is more talk about the honor and dignity of an officer than about anything else in life. The institution, descended as it has to us from the days of chivalry, seems to largely consist of bombastic affectation and arrogant pretence. Don Quixote laughed the knight-errant out of civilization and he has never been replaced except by the prize-fighter and the ward bully. The teachings of the military or knightly code of old

was at least sportsmanlike. They are supposed to exist, unwritten but understood, in the militarism of the present day. But there is no greater "squealing" in the world than in militarism, no more petty squabbling and jealousies, and no greater anxiety to blame the other fellow, than among those who dress themselves in modifications of the knightly apparel of old. So early as the Peninsular war Wellington's operations were seriously handicapped in the beginning by some of his subordinates who would not "play the game." Sir Charles Napier, one of the finest of the British generals in the Napoleonic wars, spent the latter part of his life writing "squealing" letters to the Times. The deposition of Lord Raglan from his command in the Crimea is something that we of British race are not fond of talking about. The controversy as to the blame for the disaster of an obscure Indian engagement between Lord Clyde and Sir Charles Windham, the hero of the Redan, is not ended yet, although both the principals are dead. The military part of the Empire yet wrangle over the evidence as to the merits of half-a-dozen British general field-officers of the late Boer war and say very unpleasant things. "I shall take my Christmas dinner in Pretoria" is yet thrown in "good old Buller's" teeth. If any particular petty temper arises on the political horizon even in a country like Canada, with its marked national distaste for militarism, there is frequently the odor of pipe-clay about it. And now, with the world standing almost agast at the slaughter in the war in the Orient, there has come a word-slanging war as to the surrender of Port Arthur. The land forces blame the fleet and the sailors blame Stoessel; some of Stoessel's officers blame him, and the newspaper correspondents blame everybody. Truly, barbaric war waged under civilized conditions gives rise to strange complications. The first principles of the mimic battleground of the cricket and lacrosse fields teach that if defeat comes it is part of the game to lose well. The code of the playgrounds is above that of militarism, despite the dubious saying of the Iron Duke as to where British battles were won. Stoessel himself seems to have played the game with less pettiness than the usual general under a storm of attack is goaded into.

SOME of the Conservative newspapers are calling for the dismissal of Mr. Thomas Wing of Thessalon, an Algonquin Crown Lands agent, and of Dr. McKay of Pembroke, the holder of a clerkship of one of the lower courts of the province. The former was a candidate for parliamentary honors who had resigned his office to become one. Upon his defeat he was reappointed, the office being kept vacant supposedly to provide for such a contingency. Dr. McKay is accused of having been an active partizan in several of the late contests in North Renfrew, defending the late Government on the public platform and attacking the arguments of the Opposition, which is now the dominant party in provincial affairs. Both gentlemen are presumably intelligent and probably understood the risk they ran when they took the action they did. The Whitney Government is not as yet displaying any disposition towards revenge or reprisal against the beneficiaries of the successive Liberal Governments which kept the Conservative party in Opposition for over three decades. Mr. Whitney may not be a man that stands out "large" on the political horizon, but nobody has accused the Conservative leader of Ontario of being a meanly spiteful man. It is safe to say in spite of all the temptations that must clamor in the ears of a leader from the hangers-on of a party that has been deprived of the sweets and perquisites of office since the wheels of Confederation began to run smoothly, that Mr. Whitney will not, elated as he characteristically may be at his victory, become the Lord High Executioner of the provincial civil service. Mr. Whitney, to the amusement even of his friends, seemed since his appointment as Conservative leader, to consider it somewhat in the nature of a personal wrong that he and his party should be deprived of a chance at governing the province. The contention has an atom of force when viewed from the outside, but it is a little amusing when a political leader scolds because he is being deprived of "his turn." Having this remarkable personal feeling in his political campaign for power, it might be supposed that Mr. Whitney would be prone to indulge his rancor against his defeated foe. Those who know Mr. Whitney and the dominant influence in his Cabinet best say there is little danger of the doctrine of the spoils of political warfare belonging to the victor being applied during his régime. It is confidently asserted that the dismissals from the civil service in Ontario will be comparatively few and that those few will be for unquestioned cause. Strenuous partizan politicians like Mr. Wing and Dr. McKay might, under favoring conditions, be able to hop out of or into offices as suited their personal feelings and not the public service, but gentlemen with these jumping-jack qualities should be careful to indulge them in the direction that the political cat jumps. It is sometimes hard to tell, and those who miscalculate, according to the unwritten rules of the game, should lose. In the public desire for non-interference by civil servants in partizan politics, these two gentlemen may not be allowed to retain office, but if they are intelligent enough to have held office they must have known the possible penalty.

SOMEONE said, upon the retirement of the Duke of Abercorn from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, after a most successful régime, that he pitied his successor, Hon. Mr. Monteith, Ontario's new Minister of Agriculture, has with consummate tact gracefully acknowledged a somewhat similar position he is placed in with regard to his successor to Hon. Mr. Dryden. In his address to the Farmers' Institutes, convened in Toronto the other day, Hon. Mr. Monteith said: "I have been singularly fortunate—possibly in one sense unfortunate—in following a gentleman who has done much for agriculture in Ontario, who has filled his position with credit to himself and benefit to the province. I trust as much may be said of me when my successor in office is appointed. Our success will depend largely upon the loyal and hearty co-operation of all who are interested in the development of the agricultural interests of Ontario." Our provincial politics are not altogether Gameyism and coquetting with temperance and liquor votes.

CONTROLLER SPENCE is advocating that married women assessed as owners of property be placed on the municipal voters' lists. There is little doubt now, the keen-eyed controller's critics will say, that Mr. Spence's ambition to be Mayor of Toronto has not yet been quenched. The temperance and women votes combined would do a lot for Mr. Spence. But the chances are that Mr. Spence is not actuated by any personal reasons, but merely by the promptings of common sense. If a woman is a taxpayer in a municipality dealing directly with her contributions to the civic treasury, and an integral factor to her comfort and well-being, it may be admitted that one of the principles which brought about the American Revolution applies as strongly now as at the time of the Boston tea party. Taxation without representation is generally accepted nowadays under constitutional government as being a wrong. It created quite a hubbub over a century ago, beginning with the tea party. But it will be "a nice cup of tea" in the homely phraseology of our grandmothers, if in addition to owning the property or having the property in her name, which, for the purpose of voting, is the same thing, married women enter into the heated turmoil of municipal politics. A comparatively few widows and spinsters already take advantage of their legal right to vote in municipal elections, and married women on the assessment rolls may vote for school trustees, and the professional canvassers and election workers say that it is the most difficult of all the kinds of votes to be sized up. The complications that would arise in their estimates would be innumerable. Consider the standing of the husband in committee-room, in processions or on the front row of the platform at a ward meeting if it were known, and the list scrutinizing committeemen would know, that not only had he no vote, but that his wife was going to vote for the enemy. The fact that he had no vote has been hitherto passed over in silence, and he was tolerated for that indefinite thing known as moral support, but what moral support could a man pretend to have whose wife was going to vote against his choice. It would mean his disappearance from public life. It would mean the crushing of the temporary greatness of many who, during the heat of a municipal contest, leave their wife-owned home and come down town on election night and expand their chests and say, as they shake hands all around, "Well, we've elected our man." A man whose wife had voted the other way could not do that more than once. The position of the husband and father in the household where the wife and mother does the voting is, as Mr. Kipling would say, another story. The result in

the family is a domestic matter entirely, and it may be that the husband can lease a part of his wife's house or seek refuge in the woodshed and vote as a tenant. Mr. Spence will have to see that the husband and wife, in defiance of the principle of British law that man and wife are one, do not divide themselves for the purposes of an election only and both vote.

SUGGESTIONS are being made to the Ontario Government in the press, pointing to reforms in the provincial courts. More extensive jurisdiction is recommended in the County Courts particularly, with a corresponding increase of remuneration to the County Court judges. It is admitted that several of the County Court judges throughout the province have very little to do. An increase of the jurisdiction of the County Courts would have the effect of withdrawing a considerable amount of litigation from the High Court where it is necessarily or unnecessarily expensive. The removal of a part of the litigation to the County Courts would be of great advantage to litigants, and in some degree to the country at large, as the procedure is less intricate and the facilities for trial or adjudication less unwieldy. The Superior Courts at Osgoode Hall are at times clogged with the mass of litigation that accumulates, and the progress of a case is frequently delayed by the engagement of a trial judge in the Divisional Court or in the Court of Appeal. It may be that the members of the County Court Bench of Ontario are not of quite so high standing professionally as their brethren of the Superior Courts, but that they are not perfectly competent to adjudicate in an average law-suit no one seriously thinks. The personnel of the County Court Bench is high and the standing of many of its members at the Bar has been as good as that of many members of the High Court. Anything that will minimize the expenses of a law-suit or facilitate a decision should be pressed upon a Government which already shows a disposition to simplify the wearisome process of the law.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. David R. Gourlay (née Burnett) held her postnuptial reception on Wednesday at 21 Delaware avenue, wearing her white silk robe des noces, and assisted by her mother and mother-in-law. Mrs. Breckenridge (née Gourlay), with the bridal attendants, had charge of the tea-room, which was very bridal-like in white and green flowers and lights.

Mrs. Brown of Dawson, formerly a well-known woman journalist over the *nom de plume* of "Faith Fenton," gave a lecture this week on the far North, which was most interesting, humorous and enjoyed by a very nice audience. Mrs. Brown's meeting with her clever husband, a Government official in the Yukon, took place shortly after her arrival there and her marriage soon followed, and was duly recorded and described in this column. Dr. and Mrs. Brown have been spending this winter in Parkdale with friends.

Mrs. Charles H. Mortimer will receive on the remaining Mondays in February and the first Monday in March, and afterwards on the second and fourth Mondays.

Miss Lotta Fraser of Quebec is visiting Mrs. A. L. Eastmure.

Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie gave a very pretty tea on Wednesday at her home in Madison avenue.

Mrs. W. De Leigh Wilson gave a charming bridge and tea on Thursday at her pretty residence, Olintrim, Upper Walmer road.

Captain and Mrs. John Kay have come from Wolseley stationed. Their many Toronto friends are delighted to have them once more back in Toronto, from which their happy marriage took place some years ago. Captain and Mrs. Kay are for the present en pension at 159 Bloor street east.

The Toronto Canoe Club At Home will be held in McConeys on the 24th inst. To assure the comfort and pleasure of those attending, only a limited number of tickets have been disposed of. The At Home will be under the patronage of Mrs. E. E. King, Mrs. James Oliver, Mrs. George R. Baker, Mrs. J. O. Oliver, Mrs. Harry Ford, Mrs. J. G. Ramsay, Mrs. E. A. Blackhall, Mrs. N. A. Powell, Mrs. T. D. Bailey, Mrs. George A. Howell, Mrs. T. P. Stewart, Mrs. C. H. Willson.

The Signal Corps and Maxim Gun Squad dance in the Temple ball-room takes place next Thursday evening, and is already assured of great éclat. The music of the Q.O.R. band will be an attraction and that "grave-opener" two-step of which I spoke last week will put ginger into one dance, even where extra condiments are quite superfluous. Some Hamilton guests are expected for this dance.

The National Chorus, under Dr. Ham, will give their much-anticipated concert on the 28th. Victor Herbert is to come with his New York orchestra and will also play a cello solo.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Gordon of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne of Hawkesbury, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. White, Mr. W. H. Mathews, of Trenton; Mrs. A. Jenks, Miss Dallas, Mrs. Proctor, Captain Miller, Miss Kemp, Mrs. F. J. Boswell, Dr. MacMurchy, Mrs. MacMurchy, Mrs. and Miss Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Miss Beatty, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Watkins, Mrs. O. G. Carscallen, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Leslie, Dr. and Mrs. Gaviller, Miss Bristol, of Hamilton; Mr. Oscar P. Benson, Mrs. W. L. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Craggie, Miss Woolson, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin of Niagara Falls, N.Y., are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Miss Florence M. Davis, who has been spending the past month with Miss Edith Folwell of Philadelphia, will return to Toronto on Saturday. Miss Folwell will accompany her, and will visit her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Piersol, 26 Albany avenue, until the 18th. During the remainder of her stay she will be with her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Davis, 67 Pembroke street. Mrs. and Miss Davis will not receive until Monday, February 20.

Classes in clay modeling, wood carving, hammered brass, embossed leather and poker work, are being organized at the Technical School, College street. These classes will begin next week and will be held every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning.

Art Calendar.

A full-armed knight riding on a cream-colored steed is the subject of an art calendar produced by the Toronto Litho. Co. The work is an imitation of pyrography and is exceedingly effective.



TUMBLER and SOAP RACK.

Nickle-Plated

See our Stock of

SOAP RACKS, MATCH HOLDERS, TOWEL BARS, PAPER HOLDERS, ROBE HOOKS, SPONGE RACKS

Bath Seats

Rice Lewis & Son

Limited

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Wm. Pitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits. Handsome Materials for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns

Millinery

GLOVES

Gloves in all the Newest Shadings and Colorings. Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves

CORSETS

The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

In Wall-hangings

We show only such designs as are suitable for walls. Some rooms we have seen covered with a material which in design and texture would look better on a chair. In taffetas for bedrooms, silk stripes, moires and Florentines we show carefully selected designs at prices which have not been equalled here before.

The Elliott & Son Co., Limited

79 KING STREET WEST

GOWANS KENT & CO

CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

Dainty Spring Flowers

All the fine blossoms are to be had here in profusion—gay Daffodils, nestling Violets, modest Lilies-of-the-Valley and all other favorite flowers delivered in perfect freshness.

If you wish new and striking artistic flower effects, let our artist give you suggestions.

Send for our descriptive price list.

Dunlop's

5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Removal

Featherbone Novelty Co.

have removed from 46 Richmond St. to new premises

266-274 KING STREET WEST

Opposite Government House.

For greater convenience to our patrons we have opened a

Branch Pleating Office

at 108 Yonge Street

(Brown's Fancy Goods Store)

where orders may be left and called for.

Featherbone Novelty Co.

266-274 King Street West

Branch Office 108 Yonge St.

Telephone (Main 3303)

(Main 3304)

Brown's Fancy Goods Store, Toronto.

CHAMPAGNE RECORD.

UNPARALLELED ACHIEVEMENT!

Importations in 1904 of

G. H. MUMM & Co's

Champagne

131,330 CASES

The GREATEST quantity ever IMPORTED BY ANY BRAND in the history of the Champagne Trade

IMPORTANT—When ordering Mumm's Extra Dry, see that it bears a rose-colored capsule and label with the name of the Canadian Agents:

S. B. Townsend & Co., Montreal.

Spring Gowning and Ladies' Tailoring

New Fabrics Latest Models

Leave Orders Soon.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
TORONTO



Early Purchasers

Ladies wishing to secure good choice for spring will find our selection of styles and materials for **TAILORED SKIRTS** very complete. We aim to make our goods not only satisfactory but exclusive. A limited number of each style will be sold. Ladies' own goods made up.

The Skirt Specialty Co.
Designers, Tailors.
102 KING STREET WEST,
J. G. MITCHENER, Manager.
PHONE M. 3499

Have your

Prescription

... and Filled

Our system is perfect, admitting of no mistakes.

Established 1895.

THE HOOPER CO., Limited,
43 King West Branch 467 Upper West
Phone Main 556 Phone North 2997

Genuine Rogers Spoons

The name of Rogers may mean little or much. With us it stands for the best Spoons and Forks. The stamp "A" is also somewhat misleading. There is better plate than it. Our Rogers Bros.' 1847 Sectional Plate Spoons are superior and sell as low as \$3 a dozen.

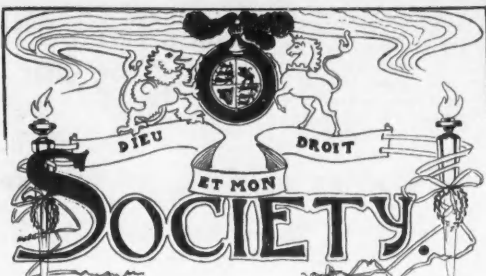
Wanless & Co.
Established 1840
168 Yonge Street
Toronto.

Massage

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Nauheim Method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes
155 ROBERT ST. Phone N 16

THE IDEAL HAIR BRUSH
The best brush made. Pure bristles on an air cushion, so it does not irritate the scalp and promotes the growth of the hair.
Prices from \$1 to \$2. For sale by
L. A. STACKHOUSE,
100 King Street West



EVER since the Historic Ball of the Victorian Era has Toronto society rejoiced in such a charming sight as that afforded by the Daughters of the Empire and their friends at the Valentine night costume ball in the King Edward on Tuesday. Those who had doubted the possibilities of paper as a dress material found themselves doubting once more, whether the exquisite, effective and dainty costumes, which made a very bewilderment of beauty, could possibly be formed of paper after all. But they were; every lady who danced in the various sets wore paper, and paper only, for her frock, and when the opening Lancers were formed the touch of a match would have been followed by a universal conflagration that in two minutes would have sent every frock up in smoke. Before the dance, however, there was a grand march, which took place immediately on the arrival of His Honor and the Government House party. From some Aladdin cave of wondrous fashions and conceits came the men and maids, two and two, following His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark and Commander Law, with whom was Mr. Ernest Cattanch, a most able and courteous chief steward of the beautiful dance. The patronesses and their escorts led the long line of beauties and their cavaliers. Mrs. Nordheimer, president of the Order, was in a silver grey satin striped faille gown, with bands of pale orange velvet as trimming, and with a lovely white pompadour wig and curls, and a wee chou of orange velvet fastened with diamonds. Her refined and aristocratic type exactly suited the picturesque coiffure. Mrs. MacMahon wore a golden brown brocade with fichu bertha of deep white lace and her own hair powdered and rolled. The two ladies represented, respectively, an English and a French aristocrat of early Canada. Mrs. J. I. Davidson wore pink chiffon and brocade and diamonds with coiffure *poudrée*. Mrs. Bruce was in white with many pink roses. The fair, rosy tint of the two latter patronesses is particularly pretty and youthful-looking with powdered hair. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, chaperones respectively of the Scotch and English sets, wore white; they shared responsibility with Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Mrs. G. P. Reid, the former in black and pink and the latter in black with huge pink paper 'mums' on her bodice, and Mrs. Davidson, who was with Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, matron of the bonnie thistles. A very fetching set was Ireland, for which Mrs. Angus Sinclair was the convener. The peasant girls, in Colleen Bawn paper gowns and red cloaks, with a plentiful sprinkling of shamrocks and the emigrant's bundle and shillelah, having the tallest and handsomest "boys" in the ball. Mrs. Nordheimer arranged a "Navy set," who wore Watteau costumes and powder, and were lovely; the men wore gold buttons and gold lace on their evening coats, which is regulation sea-dog gala adornment. Mrs. Septimus Denison arranged a very dashing set *à la militaire*, for which she had the material at her finger-tips, the gallants being officers of the permanent corps and the maids wearing their scarlet skirts, black and gold mess jackets, and saucy tricornes over coiffures *poudrées* with perfect success. The men were in the mess uniform and took the grand march in their matty peaked white caps, having retained them in order to give the military salute to the Lieutenant-Governor. London and Hamilton each sent a set of beauties and beaux. The former set, arranged by Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Young (who came down with them) and Mrs. Ernest Smith. The London girls were four pink and four pale green Pompadours, and the men wore the dress of the London Hunt. Needless to say, many compliments greeted the sporty Westerners. Hon. Adam Beck, M.P.H., getting many a hearty handshake. A very beautiful set was "The Seasons," Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter vying with one another in originality of conceit and beauty of realization. Spring was pale green with violets galore, and a flight of swallows; Summer, golden yellow with bees, sunflowers, cornflowers and wands crowned with hollyhocks; Autumn, pink and prune, with tinted leaves and garland of green and purple grapes; Winter, very fetching white holly-trimmed frocks, little crimson capes and silver and tinsel crowns, tipped with tiny snowballs. The dark-haired, dark-eyed "Winter" maidens were charming indeed, but their sister seasons were equally so. The Valentine set was richly suggestive of all the tradition which lingers around February 14. The maidens were wreathed with garlands of paper roses and wore a huge floral heart on the left side of the bodice; the dresses being of white *crêpe* paper with overdresses of rose leaves in pink. In their coiffure rose-wreaths hovered white butterflies, and on each of their long rose-wreathed wands perched a white dove with a valentine sealed and addressed in its bill. The men wore for *boutonnieres* double hearts of embossed flowers, such as are seen on old-time valentines. A daffodil set, mostly not-outs, was in yellow and green, led by that bright-eyed maid, Miss Lois Duggan; and a poppy set, chaperoned by Mrs. Arthur Massey, was one of the prettiest, in scarlet and white and plain shaded red, with sleeve straps of poppies and coiffure wreaths of the same. A very lovely group were the Milkmaids, in baby blue *crêpe* paper frocks, with sun-bonnets and white fichus. They carried tiny milk-pails full of Marguerites, and had perhaps the prettiest faces of any. Beside these sets, was the leading one, the Daughters of the Empire, who were the acme of smartness and dignity in their white and gold *Directoire* short skirts and wide reverses, the coats opening over a broad blue D. of E. ribbon crossing the breast. The white hats were caught up with gold stars and a white feather and each Daughter carried a small standard with the star of the Order emblazoned thereon. The names of those taking part in the several sets are: Daughters of the Empire—Miss Alyce Cooke, Miss Ethel Foster, Miss Helen Drury, Miss H. Ford, Miss B. Lockhart, Miss K. Glass, Miss Blackstock, Miss H. Morrison, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. J. Y. Reid, Mr. J. Merrick, Mr. H. Marriot, Mr. Franks, Mr. C. Furlong, Mr. C. A. Gooderham, Mr. R. Clarkson, England—Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Case, Miss Wright, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss V. Macleod, Miss Jean Davidson, Miss M. Burnham, Mr. A. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Hamber, Dr. W. B. Thistle, Dr. Macdougall, Mr. C. Pepler, Mr. E. Kerrigan, Mr. R. C. Bruce, Mr. Marks. Scotland—Miss Homer Dixon, Miss Wallbridge, Miss M. Davidson, Miss E. Michie, Miss A. Michie, Miss I. Robertson, Miss W. Darling, Miss A. Heaven, Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Major Robertson, Major Michie, Captain Helliwell, Captain Cosby, Captain Brooke, Dr. Smith, Mr. Perry. Ireland—Miss Creighton, Miss Sinclair, Miss Sweetman, Miss Gray, Miss A. Sinclair, Miss G. Creighton, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Galt, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. H. Smith, Mr. A. Mackintosh, Mr. C. Mackintosh, Mr. D. Laird, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Corbett, Mr. S. Darling. The Navy—Miss A. Nordheimer, Miss E. Nordheimer, Miss A. Keating, Miss B. Spragge, Miss G. Tate, Miss E. Garrow, Miss L. Rolph, Miss J. Cayley, Mr. Houston, Mr. Gamble, Mr. R. Jones, Mr. A. Armour, Mr. H. Ridout, Mr. Auden, Dr. Howland, Dr. Ryerson. The Army—Miss Denison, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, Miss A. Boulton, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Morrison, Miss C. Nordheimer, Miss Viva Kerr, Miss Guthrie, Colonel Lessard, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Denison, C.M.G., Captain Elmsley, Captain Le Duc, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Macmillan, D.S.O., Mr. Morrison, Mr. Borden. London set—Miss Peters, Miss Gibbons, Miss Michie, Miss Pudycumb, Miss Nevin, Miss Kemp, Miss Moore, Miss Beddome, Mr. Reid, Mr. Carling, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Meredith, Mr. W. Kingsmill, Mr. Hale, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Coulson. Hamilton set—Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss F. DuMoulin, Miss D. Gates, Miss L. Bristol, Miss V. Watson, Miss Simmonds, Miss R. Moore, Mr. Creelman, Mr. J. L. Counsel, Mr. McKeand, Mr. Leo Sey, Mr. W. Southam, Mr. S. DuMoulin, Dr. Beecher, Mr. W. Watson. The Seasons—Miss Muriel Phillips, Miss Machray, Miss Evans, Miss Wilmore, Miss Wornum, Miss Grantham, Miss Cooper, Miss Stewart, Mr. Elmsley, Mr. Law, Mr. Allan Carr, Mr. Gordon Magee, Mr. Grantham,

Mr. Long, Mr. Barker, Mr. McWilliams. Valentines—Miss McTavish, Miss Darling, Miss Hodgins, Miss Gordon, Miss Cosby, Miss I. Cosby, Miss Phillips, Miss Macleod, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Reid, Mr. Temple, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Case, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. Boone, Mr. MacLaurin. Daffodils—Miss D. Sylvester, Miss T. Phillips, Miss A. Morrison, Miss J. McMurray, Miss V. Moulson, Miss T. Madden, Miss M. Pearson, Miss L. Duggan, Mr. G. Alexander, Mr. B. Rogers, Mr. S. Bunting, Mr. A. Suckling, Mr. W. Duggan, Mr. R. Kleiser, Mr. B. Austin, Mr. J. Morrison. Poppies—Miss A. Young, Miss K. O'Hara, Miss Lowndes, Miss E. Smith, Miss M. White, Miss L. Warwick, Miss B. Pearson, Miss Turner, Mr. A. Massey, Mr. Cavendish, Mr. F. Sutherland, Mr. J. Sutherland, Mr. D. Eby, Mr. S. Playfair, Mr. B. Stewart, Mr. E. H. Bissett. Milkmaids—Miss M. Osler, Miss H. Davidson, Miss F. Heron, Miss S. Cassels, Miss B. Warren, Miss V. Nordheimer, Miss W. Heron, Miss A. Boulton, Mr. E. Cattanch, Mr. R. Murphy, Mr. J. Follows, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. V. Heron, Mr. H. Wylie, Mr. C. Wood, Mr. M. Rathbun. When the various sets in their polonaise (grand march) passed the dais they saluted His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, but when the Daughters of the Empire arrived they paused, the band struck up the National Anthem, and everyone sang *God Save the King*. Many beautiful and original paper fancy dresses were worn by dancers not identified with sets. Mrs. J. B. MacLean wore a most effective peacock dress, made from the peacock feather design of *crêpe* paper. The skirt was double and the whole effect splendid. A more elaborate peacock dress was Miss Elsie Keefer's, who wore a headdress of the real bird, and had her plenteous hair braided in a crown across her brows and powdered in gold. She also had a peacock feather paper gown, the flounces edged with real feathers and a Cleopatra sheaf of feathers as a fan. The effect was most regal. Mrs. Arthur Massey wore a beautiful lace costume over deep rose silk. Mrs. Machray was lovely in pink and white with a pink paper hat crowned with flowers and a coiffure *à la Marie Antoinette*. Mrs. Heber Starr of New York wore pink brocade. Mrs. French was a spring fancy in green and yellow, an iris costume. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn was in white with touches of deep cerise. Miss Florrie Heward was a dainty little Valentine in white *crêpe* paper and red hearts, with Alsatian bow of white studded with hearts in the hair. Mrs. Arthur Pepler wore a black jetted gown, and pink flowers. Miss Telfer of Collingwood, who is spending the winter in town, was very smartly gowned in pink silk *crêpe de Chine*, smocked with tiny pearls. Mrs. Lally McCarthy was very prettily gowned, and Miss White of Ottawa, and Miss Toller, an Ottawa also, visiting friends in town, wore smart and becoming gowns. Mrs. Alec Mackenzie was very sweet in a white gown, and Mrs. Arthur Grantham looked very well. Mrs. Angus Kirkland wore a handsome blue and white ball gown. Mrs. Henderson, a strikingly handsome New York bride, was in white satin. Mrs. Morang was most lovely as a pack of cards, a trellis-work of clubs, spades, hearts and diamonds being most dashing arranged over her bertha and gown of *crêpe* paper. Miss McCutcheon was in silver grey brocade. Quite the loveliest woman at the dance was Mrs. Adam Beck of London, who came as "Folly," in palest blue *crêpe* paper, relieved with white and silver, and a lofty Folly cap and bells. Her sweet and perfect face and soft, loosely floating brown hair made a picture of which none could see enough. Her mother, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who came from Hamilton with the "old-fashioned girls" and their beaux, was a very imperial regent in a shimmering robe of pailletted *Emmeline* tulle and chiton, the full skirt and angel sleeves glistening as she led her group of beauties of '55 headed by her own little daughter, Miss Violet Crerar, and escorted by the killed P. D., who is always a welcome cavalier with Toronto women, and was justly proud of the Crerar ladies, his wife and daughter. Miss Norma Stevens wore a poppy dress of shaded petals and looked very well. Mrs. Prudeaux was a dainty spring flower and carried white field lilies. Mrs. Arthurs, who managed the cotillion, was in a beautiful black gown with diamonds. Miss Kingsmill wore a delicate satin brocade and fine white lace. Mrs. Colin Gordon wore puce and white brocade, and Mrs. Septimus Denison a shimmering robe of paillettes on black net. Miss Helen Law wore one of the most elaborate and clever costumes of the evening, all in purple and white, a cavalier hat with huge white and purple 'mums', and love looks of her own pretty hair falling about her cheeks. Miss Frankie Thompson was a jolly little Pierrette in black and white, and Miss Rita Murray was lovely as a red, white and black Folly, a garb whose coloring suited her to a marvel. Mrs. Harry Wyatt wore a handsome white gown. Mrs. Young of London wore white *crêpe* paper and black birds. Mrs. Henry Osborne wore a magnificent full-trained robe of deep rose pink moire, with Grecian coiffure. Miss Emily Adams was a *dansuse Espagnole* and Miss Chapman was "The Waves of Ocean." Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a beautiful spangled evening gown. Mrs. VanKoughnet was in a handsome black gown. Mrs. Armstrong Black was in gold-tinted *crêpe de Chine*. A dais was built in the south window of the ball-room for His Honor's party and the patronesses, and from which they watched the cotillion, which began shortly after twelve o'clock. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a deep purple velvet gown with a white lace bertha, and Miss Mortimer Clark wore white. The Queens of Night and Morning, Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark in black tulle and sprinkled with stars, silver girdle, and graceful black veil and coronet of stars, with a silver wand on which perched a tiny white owl, and Miss Melvin-Jones in *ciel* blue tulle with showers of small full-blown pink roses and tulle veil, gold girdle and armlets, and a design of Aurora on her skirt with a gold rose-wreathed wand tipped by the morning star, led the dance, cavaliered by Mr. Lissant Beardmore and Mr. Eric Armour. It is not light work to lead a cotillion in such confined quarters as were arranged in the central space of the beautiful ball-room, but the four to whom that arduous duty fell could not have been better chosen. The first waltz, which the leaders danced, was a sight suggesting at once the three descriptive words, "poetry of motion," both Miss Clark and Miss Melvin-Jones being consummately graceful, and each looking her very prettiest, before the hundreds of waiting guests. Then the red, white and blue ribbons were handed to the leaders, who glided here and there, tossing a strand to the lucky chosen ones, who sat with their partners on coupled chairs forming a huge square, about the dancing floor space. Wheels were soon formed, the spokes being ribbons, and four of them circled round the four leaders until at a signal the ribbons were dropped one by one, as each man raced to secure his chance partner, and the dance began. A shrill whistle suddenly silenced the band and all returned their proper partners, and the merry ceremony was gone through once more, that as many as possible might be called. Upon the quickness, memory and tact of the leaders depends the success of a cotillion, and on Tuesday no one was neglected, nor unduly favored. The other figures, with the distribution of favors and all the pretty conceits of a clever arranger, such as Mrs. Arthurs always is, made the first grand cotillion in Toronto a thing of beauty indeed. The May-pole, with its strands of red, white and blue flowers, was a very dashing adjunct to one of the early figures, and the flower-wreathed bower-window figure was as pretty a fancy as could be. There were many very beautiful dresses beside those my memory has aided me in recording, and a count of the thirteen sets with sixteen dancers in each shows that at the opening of the *quadrille d'honneur* there were over two hundred on the floor, no one but the "sets" dancing that number. The absence of programmes was a bit hard on many who could not remember the names and rendezvous of their partners. There were several huge hearts suspended from the ceiling of the ball-room, with a list of the dances before and after the cotillion, but these were not very wise guides to take the place of the useful individual cards. The music of the orchestra was excellent. The supper-room (banquet hall) was decorated in a most effective and pretty manner under the directing taste of Mrs. Henry Osborne, paper flowers and lights being arranged very smartly, and the whole result being excellent. Extra tables were set in the east corridor, but it was late before the huge crowd, some seven hundred, I believe, could be served, and plates of sandwiches were kidnapped and cleared in short order by sons of the Empire who had learned to forage in very different scenes, and daughters who felt, perhaps for the first time in their lives, the call of hunger. 'Twas a record dance in many respects, and showed the strong hold the Order under whose auspices it was given has gained upon the goodwill of society.

Mrs. Starr of New York (*née* Hardy) came up on Saturday for a short visit to her mother, Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Mrs. Starr returns early next week.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni
Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
All best Dealers sell it



Cowan's

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE

Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Milk Chocolate

These Goods are Pure, Dairy and Nutritious.

OWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO

Pember's Canadian Hair King



Has revolutionized the manufacture of hair goods by planting the hair like nature instead of knotting as of old. We have unique designs in bangs, waves, wigs and switches of natural wavy and straight of the finest texture. Wigs and toupees for gentlemen that cannot be equalled in America.

DORENWEND'S

Natural Wavy Switches

It is impossible for you to buy anything superior to these—because they are not made.

You can order any style of switch you desire by sending a sample of your hair. We can match it perfectly and send your switch to you by mail.

Write for our Catalogue before you choose a switch elsewhere.

The Dorenwend Co.
OF TORONTO, LIMITED



Hair Goods

to give entire satisfaction must be purchased from a reliable firm, and when buying a Switch, Pompadour, Wave, etc., you'll find it pays to get the dependable article. Send for free Booklet A.

Jahn & Son
73 King St. West

Tally Cards

A VERY CHOICE VARIETY

From 15c. per dozen up to 75c. per dozen

Send for samples.

BAIN'S
96 YONGE STREET
Toronto.

CREAMS

Magda
Dream
Creme Simon
Veloutee
Hazeline
Mum
Dagget & Ramsdell's

Elcaya
Espey's
Hudnut's
Recamier
Mealy's
Kosmeo
Lee's

W. H. LEE,
King Edward Drug Store
Huyler's Candies. Open all night.

Art Sale

We have been commissioned by Messrs. Clark & King, of Liverpool, England, to arrange for exhibition and sale by auction on

Wednesday, February 22
at 2.30, p.m.

an exceedingly valuable collection of

ENGLISH, FRENCH and DUTCH

Paintings

In this collection will be found works by such important men as Heywood Hardy, Ed. Fiere, Theo. Fiere, Van Kuyck, L. R. Bell, J. Whaiter, Edouard, Prof. Schoger, Leon Caille, G. Bartignoni, H. Maltby, J. Richard, etc. etc.

A portion of this collection was on exhibition at a prominent art gallery on Yonge Street.
On view from Saturday, 18th.
Catalogues on application.

C. J. TOWNSEND & CO.
Auctioneers.

TAYLOR'S HEADACHE COLOGNE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT



By appointment Purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General

THE HARRY WEBB CO., LIMITED

CATERERS

FOR WEDDINGS, BANQUETS, RECEPTIONS AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

CATALOGUE FREE

447 YONGE STREET
TORONTO.

O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt



Contains all the nutritive and sedative properties of Malt and Hops, with the lowest possible percentage of alcohol.

W. LLOYD WOOD,
Toronto
General Agent

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Yonge and Carlton Streets.

No Guessing Always Accurate

THE satisfaction of a good, reliable time-piece is always appreciated by its owner.

"B. & H. B. Kent" movements are high-grade timekeepers, guaranteed accurate and reliable in all weathers.

The owner of such a one is sure to value its services.

We will be pleased to explain the many superior points of "B. & H. B. Kent" movements, because once demonstrated all other makes seem a little behind.

Ladies' Gold ones cost \$5.00 to \$60.00. Gents'—\$4.00 to \$100.00.

Silver movements in Filled Gold cases considerably less in price.

B. & H. B. Kent
WATCH EXPERTS
144 YONGE ST.,
TORONTO



Sight Defective Made Effective Consult Us

The Culverhouse Optical Co.,
Phone M. 4556. Limited
6 Richmond Street East
CONFESSION LIPS BUILDING, Toronto.

STATIONERY

Daintily boxed—suitable for gifts.
Special attention given to engraving and embossing.

MISS E. PORTER
Phone—Main 2241 47 KING ST. WEST

Diamond Rings

In our three-stone and five-stone rings the diamonds match perfectly—both as to size and brilliancy.

Only our exceptionally extensive stock of stones renders this perfection in quality possible.

We are showing some handsome single diamonds, very appropriate for engagement rings at \$100.00.

Proctor's
DIAMOND MERCHANTS,
290 Yonge Street



The Corset Specialty Co.
112 Yonge St., Toronto
1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.



ON Wednesday the news of the illness of Countess Grey was flashed over the wires to Toronto, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark being notified of the disappointing fact, and the telegram furthermore postponing the viceregal visit indefinitely. This contrived upset many hospitable plans and invitations which had been made and issued, and is greatly regretted by everyone. It has been known for some time that one of the Ladies Grey has been visited by an attack of that infantile complaint, measles, but it was not anticipated that the tiresome epidemic would spread in the viceregal family. Unfortunately I hear that such has been the case, and as warmth and rest are the most absolute necessities in such illness, there could be no chance of the visit of the Greys just now. Universal sympathy is with those who have been unsparing of effort to give Lord Grey and his Countess the gladdest of glad hands on their initial visit to the Queen City of Ontario.

Among the postponed festivities are the State banquet at Government House, the gala dinner at the Toronto Club, the large invitation reception at Government House on Friday afternoon, and a very smart luncheon at the Hunt Club, of which the Master was to have been the host, on Thursday, I believe. The magnificent ball to have been given by the Commodore and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was also at once postponed, the promoters receiving in good faith the earnest assurances of the disappointment their viceregal guests would suffer if they were not able to participate in the event. The Commodore telegraphed to propose a date in Easter week—April 24—which was being considered by His Excellency. This is the night before the opening of the Horse Show, and will be on that account a most suitable and convenient date. The list of possible invitations had been a little over-filled when the telephone apprised the Commodore of the illness of Countess Grey, so that in any case many who had neglected getting their names before the committee won't be so much chagrined as if the ball had gone on. Also many persons secured invitations especially because His Excellency and his party were coming, and would have been disappointed to find the guests of honor non est. Altogether it seemed the wise and considerate course to postpone the ball, and such was accordingly hoped to be the decision of the committee at the meeting on Thursday.

Mrs. T. H. Gagner of 82 Chestnut Park road, Rosedale, will receive on the 20th and 21st of this month, and afterwards on the third and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Doric's At Home, which is to be held at the King Edward on Friday evening, 24th inst., promises to be the social event of the season in Masonic annals. The committee having it in charge have gone to great trouble to make it a brilliant affair, both as a social function and as to decorations, and one that will add another to the many noted evenings which Doric Lodge has provided in the past for their guests. Full Masonic regalia will be worn on this occasion, and as a special effort has been made to prevent overcrowding those attending can be assured of comfort.

The many friends of Mr. John H. Esten will regret to learn he is leaving the city to take a position at Vancouver, B.C. He will visit some of the old C. P. snowshoe members at Winnipeg en route.

Congratulations are sent from many friends to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. MacKinnon on the arrival last Monday of a son and heir.

Madame J. M. Dufresne and her young daughter of Montreal have arrived as guests of Madame J. H. Morin of 95 Homewood avenue.

On February 15 a very quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. James Lee of Listowel, when his only daughter, Helen Nettie, was married to Mr. Robert Cassels of the Imperial Bank staff, Listowel, a son of the late R. S. Cassels of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Oliver, pastor of the Methodist Church, the immediate family only being present. Mr. and Mrs. Cassels left on the four o'clock train for a trip to Buffalo and New York.

The smart little Milkmaids set, whose maidens were by many pronounced the prettiest girls at the ball, was arranged by Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. VanKoughnet. Miss Mary Osler, with her pretty hair waved on her cheeks; Miss Birdie Warren, with the brightest little twinkle in her eye; Miss Helen Davidson, most radiant of all, are three belles wherever they appear.

Mrs. J. B. Cronyn's housewarming tea was the rendezvous of many a brave spirit for whom cold and wind have no terrors when a pretty woman calls. The inspection of a bright and cosy new home being added to the aforesaid best, of course no one who could possibly sleigh, tram or walk to High Park boulevard failed to present themselves. It was so trying a day that one faint heart led to a "faint lady" after a battle with the biting north wind from Queen street up. However, trifles such as these were nothing when the big house, hospitably glowing with light, came into view and the quite charming little hostess held out a welcoming hand. Mrs. Cronyn looked a picture in a light gown, with much white lace on the bodice, and a deep open girdle of straps of ruby velvet. She was assisted in the tea-room by many clever waitresses, the Misses Homer Dixon, among others, being in charge of a pretty table centered with tulips. Many old friends of the Cronyn family in London met at this tea and enjoyed a reminiscent chat. Mrs. Cronyn's home is, as her Spotted Town home used to be, all that is artistic and pretty, and her friends hope she and her husband may long enjoy its comforts.

The dance at Westbourne School last night was one of the week's good things too late for description.

The Canoe Club annual At Home takes place at McConkey's on next Thursday evening.

The Gym at "Varsity" was en fête on Thursday for the At Home of the "Varsity Lit," which was, as usual, a gay and happy gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Heintzman will sail from New York on Saturday per ss. Canopic of the White Star Line, on an extended European trip. They will visit Naples, Rome, Venice, Germany, France and England and other important points during their tour.

The feast of good things offered by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, with solo vocalists of exceptional merit, on Wednesday, Thursday, and to-day, at Massey Hall, was enjoyed by thousands of delighted listeners on each occasion. Music-lovers predominated, persons who came a hundred miles to hear the perfect singing of this splendid organization, the glory of Toronto, but the audience had also the brilliancy lent by the fashionable frocks and smart coiffures of the social circle. Emil Paur, as great a contrast to Victor Herbert as could well be imagined, conducted the orchestra with the assured and masterly hand. He is a great conductor, cold, inevitably exacting in getting the precise effect he demands, unsmiling, a man within himself, but most satisfactory in his work. The bubbling bonhomie, the nod, the little fleeting smile, the effervescent vitality and magnetism of Herbert are all wanting, replaced

by a certain sad and sure power, a masterly manipulation. Emil Paur interests where Herbert pleased. The men are the poles of personality, and the music is affected by their temperament. Paur gives the loftier and more invariable tone, but Herbert evoked a more appealing and human voice from the wonderfully trained aggregation known as the Pittsburgh Orchestra. The appearance of the new conductor, with his foreign cast of feature, his quiet, polished, reserved manner, is also a complete contrast to the rotund, jolly, mellow Irishman we had last year. Musical criticism is not the duty of this chronicler, rather the enumeration of the charms of the soprano, whose lovely voice penetrated sweetly, even into the remotest corner of the vast hall, and who has what a man called "a singing face." Mr. Witherspoon sang magnificently also, evenly and with the passionate grandeur of the great King Wolan. The later concerts occurred after this column went to press. The audience on Wednesday night filled the hall from floor to ceiling, and the applause came like a thunder-clap. Emil Paur did not spend the "tween whiles" behind the scenes, but slipped to a seat near the main aisle, and with chin in hand listened to the Chorus. His serious face never relaxed, and the story that since the loss of his wife some months ago he has been a changed man, seemed perhaps true. On Wednesday night the Ciel Club entertained Herr Paur at a supper at McConkey's, at which some other notable musicians were also guests. On Thursday night Herr Vogt gave a men's supper at his residence, and the orchestra were to take a late train to-night for Cleveland, returning to Buffalo for a concert with the Mendelssohn Choir on the evening of the 23rd, when the Choir will have a private car to and from Buffalo, and will no doubt give an excellent account of themselves in the Bison City.

The five o'clock teas, bridge parties and teas to follow are innumerable. On Thursday five or six were in progress, and in the evening several small dinners were on also. To-day Professor Mavor has asked some friends to tea at his residence in University crescent, after the Clyde Fitch lecture in the Chemical Building. This lecture, by the way, is sure to be intensely interesting, and instructive, as a noted critic and writer of plays is to be the lecturer. Clyde Fitch's name is very familiar in Toronto.

Mrs. McWhinney gave a very pleasant tea at her home in Crescent road on Wednesday. Mrs. Cooper assisted, and Mrs. Frank Polson, another sister, poured tea.

Mrs. J. B. Maclean and Miss Slade, who were so much admired at the Paper ball, received next day a telegram with the sad news of their sister's death in Boston, where they are now with Mrs. Slade. Much sympathy is theirs from many Toronto friends.

Those ladies who are reported by a newspaper to have *piet de Terres* in London would enjoy the curious appendages. Probably *piet de terre* is what the valiant scribe was getting at. French "as she is written" is sometimes wildly funny.

St. Hilda's College is giving a dance at eight o'clock next Thursday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Orr is giving a tea at her home in Bloor street east on Tuesday next.

The Misses Carly are giving a tea on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Fred W. Scott (née Mowat) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, February 17, at 236 Cottingham street.

Special cars were provided for the guests at the dinner given at the Hunt Club by the huntsmen to the Master on Thursday night. The occasion evoked many expressions of regard and appreciation to Mr. Beardmore, who has been such a liberal and able head of Toronto's sportiest circle.

At the Theaters Next Week.

Bertha Galland, who comes to the Princess Theater for the first half of next week, is just now busy reading plays in search of a successor to *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, now well into its second season as a vehicle for the display of her undisputed talent, has declined what is said to be a romantic comedy exceptionally well suited to the actress. It is by one of our best-known authors and in his happiest vein. The reason for the return of the play to its author is that in one act the star masquerades in trousers. Miss Galland's reason for not assuming masculine attire may not be logical, but it is satisfactory to herself, if not to her manager. "I never have, and I never will," said the young actress, "and I don't care if it is the best play ever written, I won't use it!" Henrietta Crossman won her first big success in trousers, and Julia Marlow did not scorn the breeches in *When Knights Hood Was in Flower*, another charming story by the author of *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. On the other hand, Viola Allen refused to wear trousers in Anthony Hope's *Phroso*. So it will be seen that there is a difference of opinion regarding the subject, and, as every woman has a right to her own, Miss Galland is still searching for the needle in the dramatic haystack.

Edward Terry, the celebrated English actor, who comes here the week after next, ranks in Masonic circles as the third highest Mason in the United Kingdom, King Edward being the first. Mr. Terry is Past Grand Treasurer of all the Masonic lodges in England, Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Terry also occupies a number of important public positions in England, being the founder of the Strand benevolent fund and a member of the London School Board.

The large company which is to be seen in the production of the English farcical comedy with music, *The Girl From Kay's*, at the Princess Theater, beginning next Thursday evening, giving in all four performances, is said to be one of the very best organizations ever got together for the exportation of a theatrical offering of this class. This play was brought out in London, where its scenes are laid, almost three years ago, and it continued at the Apollo Theater for about twenty-four months. In the United States it ran for ten months in New York, four months in Boston, two months in Chicago, and had corresponding runs at other centers of population. It will be presented here by the original New York company, under the management of Charles Frohman and George Edwards, and common report has it that it is upon an elaborate scale. Sam Bernard, the star of the company, has the reputation of being one of the most high-class and amusing comedians now before the public. His long career with Weber and Fields brought him into great prominence. Ernest Lambert, Miss Grace Dudley, Miss Katherine Clifford, Mr. Edward Temple, and a number of others, who are still in the company, were members of the London production, where they all reside. The plot of the play is said to be in harmony with what is pleasing and amusing to intelligent audiences who admire and appreciate clean and wholesome dramatic productions.

Mary Norman, one of the cleverest women on the stage, will head the bill at Shea's on Monday in a new act entitled *Masks and Faces*. Miss Norman has been seen here before in caricatures of women of different cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago. Her style of entertainment was always pleasing, and her new act is said to be far superior to the other. In *Masks and Faces* she impersonates stage characters and she is said to excel in this particular line of work. Herzog's Horses will also be at Shea's during the coming week, presenting "the greatest animal act ever seen on the stage." George Felix and Lydia Barry will be seen in a new sketch entitled *The Boy Next Door*, in which they will be assisted by Miss Emily Barry. Felix and Barry are well-known to Toronto theatergoers and are two of the most popular people that come to Shea's. Raymond and Caverly, Dutch comedians, will have a lot of new parodies and they have also discovered a new method of fracturing the English language. Lewis McCord & Co. will be seen in a one-act comedy entitled *Her First Rehearsal*. Other features on the bill will be Mills and Morris, in a black-face act; Nessen and Nessen, a comedy club-juggling act, and the kinetograph, with a complete change of pictures.

Cook's Turkish Baths to Cure Grip

The best way to cure a cold is by a Turkish Bath at Cook's. The warm humid air of the vapor-room loosens the hold of grip quicker and more thoroughly than any other method can. The ventilating and precautionary methods of Cook's baths absolutely prevent any risk of taking more cold. Their action in breaking up a cold is certain and pleasant.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King St. West, Toronto.

CHAS. POTTER - 85 Yonge St.
Spectacle Department.
Broken Lenses Replaced at Potter's

Wearers of rimless glasses are more or less inconvenienced when breakages take place, making it needful to get one or two new lenses. Much of this class of work is done at Potter's—done with scrupulous precision—and done promptly. More customers are, however, wanted, and your commands will be appreciated. Bring Broken lenses or the prescription.
C. B. PERRY, Proprietor.

Have your Watch repaired by
R. A. Douglas
The Watch Specialist
47 Adelaide East Opposite Post Office
When your French Mantle Clock is out of repair drop a card to 47 Adelaide East



Shirt Waist Costumes
to your order
OUR SPECIALTY

You will want one. Send for Samples.

MackAY
101 Yonge St., Toronto
Phone M. 5266.

Misses Moote and High's Hygienic Complexion Treatment

is absolutely pure, scientific, beneficial and healthy and has never failed to give the utmost satisfaction. Patients who have had treatments in Europe and America consider our system ahead of all others as being the most common-sense and practical.

They restore Youthful Looks to the prematurely aged skin and are most beneficial for convalescents. For blotched and pimply faces they cannot be equalled. Full investigation and consultation personally or by mail.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., removed permanently and without scar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send, call or phone N. 1666 for books.

Graham Dermatological Institute
Dept H, 502 Church St., Toronto
Established 1892.

European Travel

A small party of ladies is being formed to attend the Wagner Opera Festival at Munich next summer, and for travel on the Continent and in England. As the number is limited, an early application will be necessary. For itinerary and information apply to

MISS FRANCES MORRIS
118 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK FEB. 20

The Brightest Monologist in Vaudeville

MARY NORMAN

In her latest success "Masks and Faces"

LEWIS McCORD & CO.

Presenting "Her Last Rehearsal"

RAYMOND & CAVERLY

German Comedians

MILLS & MORRIS

Black Face Minstrel Girls

FELIX & BARRY

In a New Comedy "The Boy Next Door"

NESSEN & NESSEN

Clever Club Jugglers

COLLINS & NOTTER

Singing and Dancing

The Kinetograph

All New Pictures

Herzog's Horses

A Troupe of Coal Black Stallions

Exchange and Mart

CHARGE—Thirty words or less, 25 cents. Every additional word, 1 cent. For minor matters, such as the acquiring or disposal of postage stamp or coin collections, which may be briefly worded, a charge of 10 cents for ten words will be made.

PRIVATE NUMBER—When subscribers do not wish their addresses published they may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed under cover to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free. Or, if desired, we will endeavor to effect the transaction without introducing the negotiating parties to each other.

EXCURSION TO EUROPE—From \$195 up. The handsomely illustrated pamphlet of the summer excursion to Europe of Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, will be sent free to any address on application.

ACETYLENE GAS MACHINE for sale; machine of 50 light capacity, will be disposed of at reasonable price. For particulars write Business 12B, SATURDAY NIGHT.

FOR SALE—Several collars and other pieces of Honiton. Business C20, SATURDAY NIGHT.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AND EXPRESSION
SIMPSON HALL 734 YONGE ST.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM

Constance W. Wreyford, Director of Physical Work.

Clarence L. Starr, M.D., Medical Adviser.

Rhoda Black, A.T.C.M., Specialist in Voice Culture.

Jules Leblay, Fencing Master.

Teachers' Grading Course. Get Calendar.

BRITISH AMERICAN Business College
V. M. C. A. Building, Toronto, Ont.

Enter now and prepare for one of the good business chances that are always open to graduates of this school. Catalogue and all particulars free.

W. BROOKS, Principal

NOT TOO LATE
to enter for a term in any Department of our excellent school. The

Central Business College
OF TORONTO

For the Winter Term, now open, we have a staff of 30 teachers, and can offer advantages not to be found in a small, unimportant school. Write for particulars and arrange to start at once. Address

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

St. Margaret's College
Toronto.

A high class Boarding and Day School for girls in exceptionally fine surroundings. Modern equipment. Specialists of European training and of the highest professional standing in every department. Careful home training. Pupils prepared for all medical examinations.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Miss. Frances Morrison, Lady Principal

Georgina Morrison, M.A., Director.

(Late Principal Upper Canada College)

Can't we show you some of our fine imported **Tooth, Nail, Hair and Cloth Brushes?**

W. J. A. & H. CARMAN

Dispensing Chemists

Carlton and Church. Tel. Main 294

Branch East Toronto. Tel. Beach 18.

Nordheimer
The Nordheimer Piano
AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED
15 King Street East, Toronto.

Gunhilda's Cottage

By DOROTHEA DRABIN.

FOUND her in the hall, sticky with rose-colored paint, and kissed her under the very eye of a large and forbidding housemaid who was dusting the bottom stair.

"Oh! Hermia cried, smiling at me with a fresh and delightful morning face, 'it's you, is it?'—implying that she would have given just such another greeting to any stray man who happened to call. 'Come into the schoolroom. Walk through the very middle of the door because I'm painting the jambs. You may have noticed that I'm rather painty.'"

"I have," said I. It seemed to me that there was a good deal more paint on Hermia's loose pinafore than there was on the door, but I may have been wrong.

"As I'm going to marry a poor man and live with him in a cottage," she went on, "I thought I'd better learn to do my own decorating. It is glorious work, George. I shall do every bit myself when we're married and save heaps of money. Doesn't it look nice?"

"Yes—es." If I had been her brother I should have suggested that she had put the enamel on with a knife and fork. As I was merely her lover I agreed with her, but not warmly enough to be untruthful.

"You remind me of my errand," I remarked.

"Oh! Then you didn't come to see me?"

"Do I ever come to see anyone else? But as you say you are going to marry a poor man, and—"

"I should love you just as much if you were rich," she cried with hasty and ambiguous affection.

"You have no idea," I went on, "of the way to treat a cottage when you have it. Now have you?"

"I don't know how to treat a mansion either," Hermia's voice was full of confidence. "If I've all to learn it will be as easy to manage the one as the other, and I made a pudding yesterday which tasted heavenly."

"Yes—es. But—dearest, you have heard me speak of Gunhilda?"

"Thousands of times," Hermia's tone grew suddenly cold. "You told me she was married and done for."

"She married two years ago," said I sadly. "She wants me to take you to lunch with her to-day."

"She is very kind," Hermia's voice expressed chill indifference. "I thought we might drive over in the pony carriage?"

"You wish to go, then?"

"Yes, dear. I thought—perhaps," tentatively, "you might pick up some ideas. They are quite as poor as we shall be. Love-in-a-cottage kind of thing, don't you know. She is sure to be a splendid manager. She was full of excellent theories even when she lived at home and did nothing."

"Oh, theories!" said Hermia.

"Yes," said I firmly. "Theories come first. Perfect practice can only follow carefully-worked-out ideas. This is an opportunity which ought not to be lost, dearest. You need not paint the key—not if you ever wish to turn it again." She was assiduously covering it with a thick coat of enamel.

"Oh, well. I suppose if you have set your mind on it I shall have to go."

"But, darling, you must see—"

"I'll go," she said, "and then we'll both see. I'll do my best to study Gunhilda's methods and profit by her example if it will please you. What is your precious Gunhilda like to look at, George?"

"I sighed again.

"The last time I saw her was at her wedding. She was distracting. A beautiful white dress. She is like the princess in the fairy tale, Hermia, as white as snow, as black as ebony, and as red as blood."

"Oh, is she?" said Hermia. "Will she be nice to me?"

"I hesitated.

"She is rather casual in her ways."

"Well?"

"She never tries to make people like her," I said warmly. "If they do, they do very much; if they don't—"

"They don't at all," finished Hermia. "I know the sort. Child-of-nature kind of thing. I'm sure she must be charming."

"She is," said I firmly; "and don't you think you ought to begin to get ready? I should try turpentine for the paint."

"Gunhilda," said I an hour later, when Hermia, charming in green muslin and an apple-blossom hat, was tucked into the pony cart beside me and I had induced the beast to start, "Gunhilda is a born housewife. Clever as she is she always liked her cookery and laundry classes better than any of her real studies, and even in her old affluent days she made her own gowns. Beautiful clinging garments of Liberty silk they were."

Hermia was silent. When we reached Four Meadows we found that Gunhilda's cottage was quite at the other end of the town. We were half-an-hour late when we found it.

Conventionally it was an ideal cottage. The walls were covered with climbing roses, the window boxes with creeping jenny, and we were able to study these decorations at some length because Hermia did not find out for some time that the bell was broken.

We knocked once, twice, three times, then waited. Not until we had decided that we should have to lunch at a confectioner's in the town did the door open. It opened suddenly. A fair young man stood on the threshold and blinked at us, silently with half-shut, light blue eyes.

"Mr. Dosell-Smith?" I asked with hesitation.

The young man ran tobacco-stained fingers through the rumple of light hair on his forehead.

"I am Dosell-Smith. You want to see me?"

"Gunhilda," I murmured lamely, "Mrs. Dosell-Smith—"

He smiled genially.

"Please come in. Gunhilda will be charmed. I had no idea—she is in her study, I believe. Why not go in and surprise her?"

But Gunhilda met us in the hall. I realized that she was lovelier than ever. She shook hands with me and looked inquiringly at Hermia.

"This," I said hurriedly, "is Mrs. Dosell-Smith. Hermia—Gunhilda, allow me—Miss Grayrigg."

Hermia bowed and eyed her with frozen and suspicious disapproval. Gunhilda, unconscious of this, smiled serenely.

"Come in," she said with the old fascinating drawl; "I hope there'll be something for you to sit on, but it's hardly likely."

I realized that her dark eyes still held their magic spell. She wore some kind of loose gown—a *fibba*, Hermia told me afterwards—soft blue in color, with dull Indian embroidery, open at her white throat. On her right arm a dozen silver bangles jingled and tinkled; her little feet shuffled in and out of tarnished gold Turkish slippers with peaky toes, and her hair hung down her back in a heavy black plait.

We followed her into the study, and never—never in my life before had I seen such a room!

Needlework and books, dusters and boots, cigarette-holders and pipes, magazines and toast-racks, teaspoons and shoe-polish, overcoats and tennis rackets—every piece of furniture in that room was piled high, and every corner held its own particular heap of accumulated chaos. On the table in the window the breakfast things still stood, and in the very middle of everything pranced patiently a small striped wooden horse.

Gunhilda placidly ignored the need for any apology and languidly cleared a couple of chairs for us by the simple method of sweeping the things on to the floor.

"Sit down, Miss Grayrigg. If your gown is clean perhaps you'd better dust the seat first. There's a duster somewhere I know. I had it to hold the kettle with this morning. Find it, Teddy, there's a good boy."

Teddy couldn't find the duster, but he used his pocket-handkerchief and sighed.

Gunhilda stood by the open window, calmly critical of Hermia's round pink face and grave grey eyes.

"So kind of you to call," she said politely. Hermia looked at me appealingly.

"I was thinking about you, George, only the other day," Gunhilda went on. "I had serious thoughts of asking you to bring Miss Grayrigg over to lunch with us. Could you have come, do you think?"

I could hardly believe my ears. In the old days Gunhilda had been indifferent in manner and casual in her behavior, but this was too much.

"We have come," I said abruptly. "You did ask us. Your serious thoughts, Gunhilda, embodied themselves on note-paper. I am sorry we are not expected!"

Gunhilda stared, then broke into a delightful laugh.

"Did I?" she cried. "No! Did I really? How careless of Teddy to let me forget."

Teddy sat down suddenly on a heap of books—speechless. Then he caught the amazed eye of Hermia and found his voice.

"Gunhilda," he said firmly, "you are a great deal too bad. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. This is the first I have heard of it. If I had known there should at least have been something to eat."

"And isn't there?" Her voice showed no interest.

"You know there isn't. There never would be if I didn't sometimes put my foot down."

"But, Teddy, I know I ordered some lunch. Didn't I order a steak?" Gunhilda looked bewildered.

"That was yesterday. It was the toughest I ever tasted."

"But I ordered it again to-day. I told Rebecca—"

"It's Rebecca's day out. You know it is."

Her face brightened.

"Oh, that's it, then. I ordered steak and Rebecca went out. It was very thoughtful of her. What a pity! I daresay you are both hungry. We've just had breakfast ourselves."

"That accounts for her indifference," Hermia looked at her with surprise. "Then said aloud that it did not matter at all, and smiled at the unfortunate Teddy. Obviously all her sympathies were with him."

He brightened visibly.

"It's awfully decent of you not to mind," he said gratefully. "I daresay we shall be able to scratch up some kind of a feed. You can both help, you know—the more the merrier, and then just take pot-luck."

My heart sank. I was very hungry and had expected chickens at least. I hated pot-luck, and felt that I would rather die than look for it. As for merriment—

"I don't know where anything is," Gunhilda said in a tone of magnificent indifference which was hardly calculated to raise my hopes. "And I feel rather worried about the baby. I put it somewhere when I heard you knock and I can't think where. I generally know where it is by the noise it makes, but it seems to be asleep."

"Oh," cried Hermia in a delighted voice, "a baby!"

"I am sorry you have mislaid him," I said, struggling desperately to be cheerful. "I should rather like to see the little chap."

Gunhilda turned her full face to me and opened sleepy Eastern eyes wide with surprise.

"Should you? Not really? You like children? Then go and look for him by all means, my good George. He won't be hard to find."

I gazed at her in helpless, horrified dismay. Hermia came to my rescue with a ringing laugh.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said, "let me go. George won't know what to do with him if he does find him. He can help to get lunch ready. I'll find the baby."

The door closed upon her. Gunhilda, after a moment's thought, followed her. Dosell-Smith and I were left alone. He turned to me and spoke in a whimsical voice—half sad, half tender—but wholly tolerant.

"Please forgive us for this. We are a couple of careless children playing at housekeeping. I am afraid we play the game about as badly as it can be played. Gunhilda is too beautiful and too clever to be wasted on this dudgey, but she chose to marry a poor man, and—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Together we cleared away the breakfast things, and Teddy happened to find a table-cloth in the scullery when he was looking for the pickles. We discovered also some pink slices of boiled ham in a paper on the kitchen mantelpiece—half-a-pound at least.

"Rebecca is a good soul," the master of the house murmured from the back of a dark cupboard in the hall, where the cruet stood to live and obviously didn't.

"She guessed that we might be hungry before she got home and ran back with that ham. She has a heart of gold if she is untidy in her habits."

We laid the table.

I found a glass dish of butter in one of the pigeonholes of Gunhilda's davenport in close company with an impudent pink sock. The loaf of bread was already on the study table, and the half-pot of honey and a half-dozen of Bass were a discovery of Hermia's when she came downstairs with the baby.

He was not a handsome child, I should say, although I am not a judge. He still wore the fellow to the pink sock I had found in Gunhilda's desk, and he went to sleep wherever he happened to be put down. This was fortunate. We enjoyed our lunch. Hermia laughed at Dosell-Smith's absurd jokes as she never

laughs at mine (which are generally excellent), and Gunhilda's flow of cultured conversation would have graced the best dinner in the world. But I looked at Hermia's dimpled face and plump little figure and remembered the pink paint on the schoolroom door with acute pleasure. My belief in theories had vanished. When I caught Hermia's eye it held a gleam of malice which led me to look forward with very mingled feelings to our *tête-à-tête* drive home.

We left early. I saw by Gunhilda's eye that she was going to ask us to help Teddy wash up, and I dwelt at some length on the long and dangerous drive home. I said that I felt sure Hermia's mother would be anxious if we did not start at once.

Hermia thanked them for their hospitality, kissed the baby, and we walked down to the town in silence. We went to the Green Dragon for the pony and trap, silently watched the stableman harness it, and at last set out for home. Once on the high road I saw that Hermia was smiling to herself, and asked her shortly what amused her.

"I'm not amused," she said, "only thoughtful."

"How unusual," with some abruptness. "And so," her voice was soft, "you really wish me to profit by Mrs. Dosell-Smith's example?"

"No," said I.

"Love in a cottage," she went on. "I suppose they really do love each other in spite of— Would you like our cottage to be exactly like Gunhilda's, George?"

"Not for anything," said I shortly. I was not pleased.

"She is very lovely," Hermia sighed. "She is like a princess from the Arabian Nights or a houri from Paradise. She ought to have been called Badroulboudour or Peri Banou, or Badoura or Morgiana. Her eyes—"

"Suppose we talk about something else," said I.

"What a pity," Hermia said gently, "that she married Mr. Dosell-Smith. She would have made you so happy, George."

"She manages her house disgracefully," said I. "I can't tell you how thoroughly I disapprove of her methods."

"Oh! Hermia looked demure. "But that doesn't matter when you are in love, does it? Especially if she is so divinely pretty. What does mere housekeeping matter if her eyes are like—like star-sapphires? You wouldn't mind a bit about your meals if you had a hour to share them. You aren't a slave to your dinner, are you, George? Men never are."

"Have you nearly finished?" I asked with a calmness I did not feel.

"Not quite. Dear George, I am so sorry, but if I live to a thousand years I shall never be able to make our cottage look like Gunhilda's."

"I could bear no more. I stopped Blossom in the middle of the high road and put the whip in its socket. Then I turned and faced her reproachfully.

"Don't taunt me any more," said I. "It is cruel of you, Hermia. I thought I was fond of Gunhilda once—until I met you. But now I shall thank heaven every day of my life that I met you in time."

"Oh!" Hermia beamed and nestled up to me. "If those are your real sentiments, George—"

"They are," said I firmly.

"I'll tell you something frankly, I don't think much of Gunhilda's way with a cottage either."—The Tatler.

Maxim Gorki—The Man and His Work.

IF the Russian bureaucracy wishes to cover itself with undying infamy it will hang Gorki.

It seems hard to believe that such a crowning act of senseless brutality can be contemplated in the twentieth century, but that there is reason to fear for his life, as well as for that of Father Gapon, is clear from the action of German men of letters, who are collecting signatures to a petition for his release, and calling upon their brothers in other countries to do likewise.

It is to be feared that Gorki is not sufficiently known or popular in England, or on the Continent, to be able to count on the immunity which another and greater Russian enjoys. No doubt a paternal government would love to have removed Tolstoi, if not from the world, at all events to some Siberian health resort, did it not know that a howl of execration would go up from the whole of Europe and from America if a hair of Tolstoi's head were injured. Dostoevski's literary merit could not save him from exile, and the hardships described in *Letters from a Dead House* left ineradicable traces on his constitution. Let us hope that Gorki will not be afforded the opportunity of giving to the world a new and up-to-date account of the amenities of life behind a Siberian prison gate at which all the literary societies in Europe will thunder in vain if once it closes behind him. "Bitter" is his name, and bitter will be his fate.

The boy Alexei Maximovich Peshkoff was decidedly the father of Maxim Gorki—the name by which he has chosen to be known. The bullying treatment he received as a tiny child at the hands of a soldier-grandfather, who had been reduced to the ranks for cruelty to his subordinates, and the narrow, puritanical surroundings of his father's house were bound to produce a "divine discontent" which, for good or evil, was sure to seek an outlet somewhere. Discharged as useless from his post of assistant in a small boot shop, he had the good fortune to cast in his lot with an ex-non-commissioned officer, the cook of a Volga steamer—a strange kind of literary godfather, but for whom Gorki's attainments might for ever have been limited to a bowing acquaintance with the Psalms of David to which his maternal grandfather had compelled his unwilling attention.

The ex-soldier seems to have been a poor cook, but a good judge of literature, and the torn and greasy books which Gorki found among the steppans of the cook's galley not only taught him to read with facility, but imbued him with the love of letters which was the ruling passion of his culinary tutor.

The result was a vain attempt to enter Kazan University, and a bitter feeling that learning, like all other good things in this world, is the exclusive appanage of the well-to-do, to which no enthusiast in letters may aspire. It is fortunate that the attempt miscarried, for as a student he would necessarily have missed the experiences as baker's apprentice, barge-loader, navy, railway laborer, pedlar, and tramp which were the ruling passion of his culinary tutor.

He emerges for a moment from the ranks of the barefoot brigade as a clerk in a lawyer's office in Nishni-Novgorod, and there he might have remained to this day copying documents and running errands, but he hears the Steppes calling, and he calls so loudly that he cannot resist its summons, and again we find him on the move. Eventually, in 1892, at the age of twenty-three, he fetched up at Tiflis and tried his first story *Makar Chudra*, on a newspaper editor, who had an eye for the unconventional, and asked for more. Here the long tramp and the nights under the stars come to an end: Wandering White dies, and Maxim Gorki is born with a handful of stories and utter recollections.

In 1895 he made the acquaintance of Kozoleto, known in English only as the author of *House No. 13*, a description of the horrors of Kishineff, who became his literary godfather. The appearance of *Chelkash*, glorified thief and black sheep, who forgives his fellow-scoundrel's attempt to murder him for the sake of a few roubles, seeing nothing surprising in his comrade's act, created a furore in the two capitals just as great in the ranks of the reactionaries as in the camp of the advanced thinkers. At first the reactionaries claimed him as their own child (their love of humanity is so remarkably developed), but they soon found that he was a somewhat inconvenient infant, and three years ago, during some student riots he, for the first time made acquaintance with a prison interior.

There he is now, in the old home again. Those who do not know him will find many autobiographical scraps in his books, more especially in *The Have-beens in Makar Chudra* and *Chelkash*, already mentioned, in *Twenty-six Men and One Woman*, where he gives us a glimpse of his life in the baker's shop, and, perhaps more especially, in the description of the boy *Foma Gordyeff* in the long novel of that name.

What is Gorki's message? It is doubtful whether he has ever consciously set himself the task of bringing one. Love of mankind? It may be. Rather, the right of immunity from interference: the wickedness of buying happiness at another's expense; the sad conviction—

"That no life lives for ever, That dead men rise up never, That even the wisest river Flows somewhere safe to sea."

K.

Gus—What made you realize that she was your affinity? Archie—Threats of a fifty-thousand-dollar breach-of-promise suit.

Dyer—Surely you are not jealous of your wife's dead husband? Ennes—Yes, because he is better off than I am.

Howell—If you want to be a successful author, you must have something to say and know how to say it. Penwell—What an author my wife would make!

Small Beginnings—Great Endings.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Columbus was the son of a weaver.

Sir Richard Arkwright was the son of a barber.

Watt was the son of a blockmaker.

Stephenson was the son of a collier.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.

Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a slave.

Burns was the son of a plowman.

Homer was the son of a farmer.

Suitor—I'm poor, but honest, sir. Old Rocksey—I don't doubt it at all, my boy; and unless you change your principles you'll never get rich.

A CRUEL THREAT.

Mr. Snips (who has called about that long standing account)—So you won't pay to-day, eh? Well, now, I warn you, if you don't settle with me by this day week I'll go round to all your other creditors and tell them that you've paid me in full, and then you'll have 'em all down on you. See what I mean?—Pick-me-up.

Reads the Book.

"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book, *The Road to Wellville*, and started following the simple directions.

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone.

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast.

"There is one thing, in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Weak Kidneys.

To any Kidney sufferer who has not tried my remedy I offer a full dollar's worth free. Not a mere sample—but a regular dollar bottle—standard size and staple.

There is nothing to pay, either now or later. I ask no deposit—no promise. You take no risk. The dollar bottle is free because mine is no ordinary remedy, and I feel so sure of its results that I can afford to make this offer.

In the first place, my remedy does not treat the kidneys themselves. Such treatment is wrong. For the kidneys are not to blame for their weaknesses or irregularities. They have no power—no self-control. They are operated and actuated by a tiny shred of a nerve which alone is responsible for their condition. If the Kidney nerve is strong and healthy the kidneys are strong and healthy. If the Kidney nerve goes wrong you know it by the inevitable result—kidney trouble.

This tender nerve is only one of a great system of nerves; this system controls not only the kidneys, but the heart and the liver and the stomach. For simplicity's sake I have called this great nerve system the "Inside Nerve." They are not the nerves of feeling—not the nerves that enable you to walk, to talk, to act, to think. These are the master nerves and every vital organ is their slave. The common name for these nerves is the "sympathetic nervous system." Each act is in such close sympathy with the others, that weakness anywhere results in weakness everywhere.

This is why I treat not the kidney that is weak, but the ailing nerve that MAKES it weak. This is the secret of my success. This is why I can afford to do this unusual thing—to give away FREE the first dollar bottle, that ANY STRANGER may know how my remedy succeeds.

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere, who has not tried my remedy. Those who have tried it do not need the evidence. So you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. I will then send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle, standard size and staple. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar lay before him, and will send the bill to me. Write for the order to-day.

For a free order for Book 1 on Dyspepsia, a full dollar bottle of Book 2 on the Heart, Book 3 on the Kidneys, Book 4 on the Liver, Book 5 on the Stomach, Book 6 on the Lungs, Book 7 on the Blood, Book 8 on the Nerves, Book 9 on the Muscles, Book 10 on the Bones, Book 11 on the Skin, Book 12 on the Senses, Book 13 on the Mind, Book 14 on the Soul, Book 15 on the Spirit, Book 16 on the Angels, Book 17 on the Demons, Book 18 on the Spirits, Book 19 on the Ghosts, Book 20 on the Apparitions, Book 21 on the Portents, Book 22 on the Omens, Book 23 on the Presages, Book 24 on the Prophecies, Book 25 on the Fates, Book 26 on the Destinies, Book 27 on the Fortunes, Book 28 on the Misfortunes, Book 29 on the Calamities, Book 30 on the Disasters, Book 31 on the Ruins, Book 32 on the Destructions, Book 33 on the Annihilations, Book 34 on the Extinctions, Book 35 on the Eradications, Book 36 on the Erasure, Book 37 on the Oblivion, Book 38 on the Forgetfulness, Book 39 on the Amnesia, Book 40 on the Dementia, Book 41 on the Insanity, Book 42 on the Madness, Book 43 on the Frenzy, Book 44 on the Raving



BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. 038
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West

HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg

J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

J. ARTHUR E. RESOR,
Confederation Life Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
26 Homewood Ave.

New Goods and New Models

In Costuming and
Millinery

at 406 and 408 Yonge Street

Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander
Telephone—Main 977

A Marked Success

Our Stock-taking Sale is nearing an end.

During the short time we have left we will offer some special inducements—an opportunity to procure high-class MEN'S FURNISHINGS at one-third to one-half less than the regular price. All our warm Gloves, Underwear and Shirts clearing to make room for our Spring Goods.

Ask to see our new brown and fawn vests—just arrived.

WREYFOOT & CO.
85 KING ST. WEST

Telephone M. 2611

Cerebos Salt

Used at table and in the Kitchen, it gives greater nourishment and strength to the food. Contains the vital phosphates of whole wheat.

Ask your Grocer.

Wholesale Agents—W. G. PATRICK & CO.
25 Melinda Street.

CLANING DAINTY LAC

It's a delicate work. The best of care must be taken in the handling of fine lace. Our experienced and skilled workmen will give you the best of results.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

401 and 397 Yonge St., 59 King St. West,
471 and 1867 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. E.
Branches at Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, Brantford, St. Catharines and Woodstock.

Wabash Railroad System.

During the months of March, April and May, the Wabash will make sweeping reductions in the one-way colonist rates from Canada, to Texas, Old Mexico, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Washington, and British Columbia.

Also round-trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the South and West. There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the South and West. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Married people should take some consolation from the thought that they might have done worse.

When it comes to talking a woman can give a man a handicap of a mouthful of hairpins and beat him out.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

A STUDY of the public signs to wayfarers is not complete without that apparently futile and ignored one which adorns the doors of the street-cars. How pathetic and gentle is its plaintive request, "Please shut the door." No one pays the least attention to it, and perhaps some change in its construction might make it more efficient. If, for instance, it read, "Why didn't you shut the door, you idiot?" it might embarrass the last comer; and why on earth is the legend put on the door where no one can see it when the door is left open? Altogether, for futurity and general incompetence, the "Please shut the door" sign takes the prize.

I see by an Ottawa exchange that one of our fellow-citizens has been down there pitching into the society columns of the Canadian papers, and that one of the editors at the Capital has taken up the glove and given our Toronto banker a nasty little poke to teach him to keep off the grass. If that is a mixed metaphor it will have to go down to posterity. There are no doubt many provocative sentences in the society chronicles for a person who takes life (including society) seriously. He really shouldn't! That is, too seriously. One doesn't defend all the little airs and graces and affectations and ambitions which must be met with whenever men and women are in the pursuit of amusement in society. The thing is of the lighter froth of living, and you all know that beer without foam, soda-water without fizz, isn't palatable or tempting. As for the fact which our townsman is reported to have stated, that the details often given of gowns and personal attractions, decorations and extent of elaborateness in entertaining are giving rise to ambitions beyond the means of the parties concerned, and leading to fraud and deceit to impress others with a sense of importance—Ah, Gott! were not such things rife in Toronto before a society paper was thought of? Circumstances led to my becoming very much aware recently of the state of affairs here, half a century ago, and I am quite certain there was then reckless expenditure, more rivalry and more expressed and open jealousy and vindictive remark than anyone would be bothered to keep track of in these busy and matter-of-fact days. We shall always find the spirit strong in us to excel our rival, to give our friends better than we can afford, to wear silks and satins when we might wear homespun and print. It is human and innate, not the result of any little foolish creed in a society column. It always was and always will be!

Here is the little poke which the Ottawa society editor hands out to the general manager, and I quote it, because I know nothing of the naughty ways of banks any more than of the horrible influence of the society columns. "During a quite recent mania for stock-gambling which ruined and destroyed many homes the causes could be traced to the bankers who loaned money on magazines and encouraged the evil. The bank, of which Mr. Walker is the capable and efficient manager, was not backward in placing these call loans. Indeed it was the bank which 'called' a Toronto broker and precipitated the smash." This is not a frothy question, but one to be taken most seriously, and will perhaps show that a little criticism is a dangerous thing.

Somehow, I feel within me a great sympathy of impulse with the person who occasionally gives way to a sporty spendthrift, who pays gold when he can only afford to pay copper. It is the lordly taint in the niggard blood that leads to much of the ruinous spending one does in certain joyous hours. Regret at learning of the bankruptcy of a gay old boy some fifty years ago, was tempered by a smiling and rueful shake of an aged head, a sigh of happy retrospection, and a gently-uttered remark, "Well, he did things as they should be done, and while he could he gave us the best of entertainment." Wouldn't you rather have that said of you than what will be said of many a fool plunger fifty years hence, "He tried to get rich dishonestly and lost all he had, and barely escaped punishment by the law." Give me the short-sighted, big-hearted, lavishly-hospitable man or woman who goes broke rather than the keen gambler who attends only to business and floats at pink tints, until some cleverer sharp one gets in a vital thrust at his bank balance and he falls on the dusty asphalt. Both reach the same abyss of impecuniosity, but only one loses what no money can buy in the tumble. "Which," asks the Ottawa editor, "is the greater evil: the striving after the appearance of wealth or the gamble for the real thing?" According to this questioner, the society papers may encourage the former aspirants, but the financial institutions make possible the latter. Messieurs who think and Mesdames who bother about these things, the choice of evils is before you!

We were talking rather of the nobility of life in Toronto, of its probity and patience, than its shortcomings, as we spent the quiet time between five o'clock tea and supper together on Sunday, the little old lady and I. Outside was snow, more snow, the stillness of it, the soft gentleness of it, the suggestion of marvelous purity and beauty of it. And there came to me a great sense of the goodness and sweetness of life, the families, by rows and rows, scores and scores, hundreds and hundreds who were in that twilight of whiteness and stillness gathered close in their little homes, the head of each, the constant toiler at desk, counter or trade, whose patience under his burden, sweetened by father-love, husband-love, grew to be a great and holy thing as we spoke and thought of it, the mother doing marvels of economy and work and thought that the little fair heads might be filled with learning and the little restless bodies, flesh of her flesh, might be warmed and nourished as fully as possible.

sible, whose glory-halo beamed as we spoke of her; the little grasping hands of the baby, the earnest eyes of the budding girl, the deepening voice of the boy, the scrambling, and rippling laughter of the small fry, father on the floor with little first-born, a mother with that divine light in her eyes! How we whispered and wondered at the home life of Toronto, and revered the love and patience and sweetness of it! Here and there, very, very seldom, one hears of the patient toiler giving way, but thousands are living these beautiful lives in our midst. We see those men in our shops, courteous, untiring, eager to please us; we see them on our street-cars, in our offices, in our elevators, and we don't know and don't care for their lives, their wonderful endurance of monotony. Their burial of personal anxieties and cares to meet our passing demand for service. When one becomes possessed with this view of the worth of the daily ordinary lives that are being lived in our midst, there arises a faith in humanity, a yearning of the heart to the whole race, a sympathy which lifts us very near the divine. It is in such moments that one feels how well worth while life may be, what unconsidered qualities may be like angels unaware of dwelling with it, what salt may be keeping earth as well as ocean from corruption.

LADY GAY.

On the Uses and Abuses of the Week-End Rest.

N London the question of "the week-end rest" is being seriously agitated, and a well-known physician in the fashionable part of that city has declared that "in modern life it is the pace, not the work, which tells. The man who will survive is the man who will learn to rest quickly. This rest is partly obtained by means of the motor car and bicycle, which carry a man away quickly from his work into the country."

There is a world of wisdom in the advice, and nowhere is the caution more needed than in this country. England for many generations has been noted for possessing more hale and hearty old men than any other nation, and this has been attributed to the fact that the Englishman believes in a holiday, and has almost a superstitious reverence for the Saturday half-holiday, which gives him the opportunity to take a run into the country. Judging from the strong plea that is being made by prominent physicians and others in London for the time-honored "week-end rest," the impression is gained that the curse of fast-living and crowding as much business as is possible into six days is gaining a foothold in Great Britain. An average Englishman believes in "not rushing business," the average American would be unhappy if he were not rushing business. The modern curse is haste. We don't believe either in leisure or going slow. We are always taking hurdles at full gallop, and though here and there a luckless individual may be seen sprawling on the financial course, yet we must admit that the successful riders into speedy fortunes blind the eyes of the onlookers to the failures. All is done in a hurry. A man in America thinks he is "a failure" if he does not realize success at an early age; and though there are remarkable examples of aged financiers still making money, the majority of the men who have "arrived" are young, though prematurely aged. They have piled up their millions by assiduous attention to business, and have studiously avoided anything which looked like recreation, hoping to enjoy ease when they had made a billion.

How many rich men enjoy a real holiday—an entire cessation from work and the stock sheet? How many go into the country, presumably to be free from the vexatious cares of money-making, but are accompanied by a stenographer and with orders to be hourly informed as to the state of the market? What rest is there for a man on such a holiday? Yet that self-same man will grudge the hours he is away from his business, fearful that some terrible advantage will be taken of him during his absence.

There is a story told of the late C. P. Huntington which is a fair example of how many millionaires enjoy a vacation. Mr. Huntington went into the Adirondacks, accompanied, of course, by his secretary. Both were to enjoy "a real holiday." Mr. Huntington threatened to revive his youthful days and play the schoolboy away from classes. On the second night of this joyous outing Mr. Miles, the secretary, asked Mr. Huntington this question:

"Mr. Huntington, don't you think it advisable for me to order a cot-bed into your room?"

"Why?" asked the railroad man in surprise.

"Oh, I thought you might want to wake up in the night and dictate a few letters."

Now, Mr. Huntington really imagined he was having "a nice, idle time" because he was away from his office building, when in reality he was working equally as hard worrying about what was going on as if he had been right at his desk.

Russell Sage, for whom no man has an inordinate admiration, says that a holiday is a pernicious thing, and intimates that the holiday was invented by that gentleman who finds mischief for idle hands. He takes his own case as an example of success, and believes that every man should copy him if he wants to succeed. Fortunately there are not many who think as does Mr. Sage. There is another school of business men growing up, who believe that their clerks, both men and women, are all the better for the week-end rest and encourage their employees in taking jaunts into the country.

Half holidays are now being given by the larger establishments. Railroad offices are closed at 1 on Saturday, and many of the big houses, outside of the banks, have followed suit. This is a wise and also a precautionary measure. Heads of departments have begun to realize that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and they also realize that the fagged-out man does not do as much work as the one that has had a rest. Brains get tired as well as muscles and the brain is really in need of as much rest as the muscle. A continual

dropping of water will wear away a stone, and constant work will destroy the ambition of the most ambitious. A man is much like a clock. He can go so long and no longer, and each man who abuses this principle is not only doing himself a personal injury, but he is hurting interests entrusted to his care. In contradistinction to Mr. Sage, a banker made the remark that he was afraid of the man who never took a holiday. This man is wise. He knew that the man who never took a rest would give out one day, break down, in fact, and the limit of his usefulness be soon reached.

Neurasthenia may be called the national disease of America, and this is owing to our non-restful habits. Even our children are brought up feverishly. Money and success are often the common topics of papa at table; and mamma laments poverty as a crime. That boy who embarks in small enterprises such as peddling papers or collar buttons, or sham jewelry to get spending money, is called a "smart boy," and the proud father tells the proud mother that the lad will be "a capable business man one day." Would not those parents be acting the wiser part if they insisted on their son really taking a holiday by strengthening his constitution with healthful exercise in the country?

There is a saying to the effect that advice unless agreeable is never palatable. Now the advice that the week-end rest is not only conducive to longevity, better work, and the happiness of the individual should be accepted with pleasure. But one thing has to be borne in mind: If the holiday is not properly used it is better not to have taken one. Unfortunately many men imagine that the holiday is given for the express purpose of indulging in riotous pastimes, over-drinking, over-eating and other vices. This is not the purpose of the week-end rest, and any departure from simple joys and right living during the hours when work stops on Saturday afternoon till work begins on Monday morning is more deleterious to brain and body than the hardest of hard work.

The Good Old Days.

MOST of us are tainted with a belief that the olden days were the golden days. As far back as we can remember, we had a deep-seated conviction that the world had gone wrong before we entered it, that we were born at least two hundred years too late. Could the period of our existence on this degenerating earth have been left to our choosing we should have selected for our experience the time of Charles II. or some other delectable monarch. Those were the glorious days, we thought. Then everybody, not counting the poor, was of heroic size, being great either in virtue or villainy, and petty people of the kind that inflict the world to-day were unknown.

It was beyond reason to expect that we would be left undisturbed to revel in our illusions. Time after time talented writers, some with kindly manner and others scolding us for our folly, have pointed out our errors and insisted that in our favorite period a census of rascals would have included the greater number of the adult males of Charles Stuart's most woefully misgoverned kingdom. These writers got little attention for their pains. Down in our hearts we still believed in the superior glory of the bygone days. This was because those who would teach us better overlooked their strongest evidence, or, to be more exact, they neglected to call their best witness.

Let Samuel Pepys take the stand. All authorities admit that he was a better man than the average of his associates, though they were all educated and of gentle birth. Samuel can get away from the record, for he wrote it himself. His diary, kept up for years, with no thought of it ever seeing print, tells how he and his friends behaved themselves in those golden days. What the others did may be ruled out as hearsay, but his own doings must be admitted as evidence.

It is hardly necessary to charge Samuel with grafting. In the atmosphere in which he lived it was as natural to graft as to breathe. He was connected with the British Admiralty, sworn to serve the King faithfully, and yet his diary contains such matter-of-fact entries as the following:

"This noon I met at the Dog tavern Captain Philip Holland, with whom I advised how to take some advantage of my Lord's going to sea, which he told me might be by having of five or six servants on board, and I to give them what wages I pleased, and so their pay to be mine."

Here is another cheerful confession of grafting:

"D. Gauden did give me a good cordial this morning by telling me that he do give me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business."

In the following, one may note the official virtue of this self-made gentleman of the old school:

"There came to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagmakers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than one hundred pounds in gold, but I do wholly refuse, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it my power to say I had refused their offer."

It can be truthfully said that Samuel Pepys never took anything that was nailed down or had a chain to it. However, as he could graft and still be respectable, let us leave his public life and dig up a few facts having to do with his private affairs. He was a married man, but he kissed every serving-wench who cared to receive such delicate attentions. When in his own set he was continually ogling women and making advances. Here is one of his experiences:

"Turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

Conlan Bros. Decorators

Ground Floor SATURDAY NIGHT Building
28 Adelaide Street West

Studio Phone M. 4931. Residence, N. 1899

Season 1905

WE have received our selection of this season's foreign and domestic Wallpapers—350 new patterns each chosen for their decorative quality and reasonable price. In all period decoration even to the latter day patterns.

I'm sorry for you, little dog, I am. When you feel cold and wet, but if Granby Rubbers were made of dogs, you should have two pairs, you bet.

With your feet warm and comfortable in GRANBY-OVERSHOES, cold weather has no terrors.

ESTABLISHED 1856
CELEBRATED LEHIGH VALLEY COAL

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL AND WOOD

YARDS—Princess Street Dock—Telephone Main 180.
Corner Front and Bathurst Sts.—Telephone Main 440.

OFFICES—426½ Yonge Street—Telephone Main 3298.
372 Queen Street West—Telephone Main 139.
304 Queen Street East—Telephone Main 134.
428 Spadina Avenue—Telephone Main 210.
1912 Queen Street West—Telephone Park 711.
274 College Street—Telephone North 1179.
324½ Queen Street West—Telephone Main 1408.

HEAD OFFICES—44 KING ST. EAST, TELEPHONE MAIN 131 & 13

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'

Fine Skin is made finer, and bad is made better by

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'

No imitation can be called 'Dartring'

Demand the genuine

Wholesale: St. Nicholas, London, Eng.

minister of the place, and stood by a pretty modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand and the body, but she would not, and got further and further from me, and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again, which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I felt to gaze upon another pretty maid in a new close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also."

What the sermon was about Pepys could not remember, but he could tell you all about the many plays in which his actress sweetheart took a part. He gave this play-girl fine presents, and it is not on record that he ever abused her. At the theater he was ever gentle; at home—not always. Witness:

"Thence, after dinner, to St. James, but missed Sir W. Coventry, and so home, and there find my wife in a dogged humor for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words, which she provoked me to by something she spoke."

What she said Pepys does not tell, but it can be presumed that she rose to the occasion and called him the brute that he was. However, she got off luckier than the serving-wench who displeased him. In his own words this is what happened:

"This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by the girl I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed, but before I went out I left her appeased."

This was not Samuel's only experience as a woman-beater. He did not always raise his hand; sometimes he used his foot. Witness:

"Coming home, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce our cook-maid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in my entry and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be

telling their family of it."

From the foregoing it may be inferred that Sir W. Pen did not kick his cookmaids, but if so it is probable that he was deemed eccentric by his neighbors.

Of the numerous other offences of Samuel Pepys, nothing need be said. The case is complete. It is admitted that he was eminent and respectable in the reign of Charles II. What standing would he have were he living to-day and acting as he did in the olden time? He might and probably would be able to graft in his cheerful, conscienceless way, but if he kicked the cookmaid he would first be felled with the stove-lifter and then haled into court. What better evidence do we need that the times have improved?

JOHN TAYLOR WALDORF.

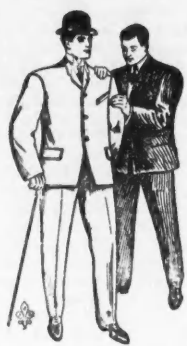
Reduced Rates to Washington.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad. Account Insurance of President Roosevelt.

On account of the Inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington, March 2, 3, and 4, good for return passage until March 8 inclusive, from Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Oil City, Erie, Buffalo, Canandaigua, Williamsport, Wilkes-Barre, Mt. Carmel, and intermediate stations, at rate of single fare, plus 25 cents, for the round trip. Deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Washington on or before March 8 and payment of fee of \$1.00 will secure extension of return limit to leave Washington on or before March 18. For specific rates and full information apply to ticket agents.

Could we try on matrimony as we try on shoes there would be many bare feet.

"Are you fond of rice?" she asked the sour-looking man. "No, I am not," he replied. "It is associated with one of the most distressing mistakes I was ever guilty of."



QUICK FIT

Why wait a week for a suit from your tailor?

Select a Semi-ready—try it on before you order it, and know just how the cloth pattern will make up before you buy it.

If you like it, have what changes you want on it before it is finished—then have it sent to your home—and even then your money back for any cause.

Semi-ready Tailoring

TORONTO

22 West King St., Manning Arcade.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

— WHY —

Canada's Famous Train

"Maritime Express"

Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon

daily, except Saturday

Does the Business between

Montreal, Quebec, St. John

Halifax and the Sydneys

with connection for

Prince Edward Island and

Newfoundland

Because its Dining and Sleeping-car service is unequalled

That is why

Write for time-tables, fares, etc., to

Toronto Ticket Office

51 King Street E.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WASHINGTON, D.C.

in fifteen hours.

Leave Toronto 5.20 p.m. daily

Arrive Washington 8.40 a.m. daily

Dining Car Toronto to Buffalo. Through Buffet Sleeper from Buffalo without change.

Quick Service

to New York.

Leave Toronto at 5.20 p.m. daily

Arrive New York at 7.50 a.m. daily

Through Sleeper from Toronto.

Call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, City Ticket Office, 1 King St. E., Phone M. 149, or write to C. B. Foster, D.P. Agt., Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Dining Cars

Why hurry and worry yourself about meals before leaving home, when you can secure "the best of everything" at moderate rates while en route to your destination, in the excellent dining and café-parlor cars, operated on the Grand Trunk.

Dining or café-parlor cars are attached to train leaving Toronto at 7.45 a.m., for London, Detroit, and Chicago; 9.00 a.m. for Montreal; 1.45 p.m. for Barrie, Orillia and North Bay; 4.10 p.m. for Niagara Falls and Buffalo; 4.40 p.m. for London and Detroit; 6.00 p.m. for Buffalo and New York.

City Passenger Agent Horning, northwest corner King and Yonge streets (Phone Main 4209) will give you information or tickets.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study and in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Non-Credo.—The question is admissible. My correspondent asks if I will tell him the places from which the letters answered this week are dated? Akron, Sault Ste. Marie, Stratford, New York, Carlyle, Assa, London, Ingersoll and Toronto—several from the last named and one from each of the former. I have taken them in turn from the package in which they are tied.

FRANCES.—NOVEMBER 14 brings you under the full influence of Scorpio. Your nature is particularly snappy and strong, with the dominant touch well developed and plenty of energy and independence. You are not always logical, and sometimes rather self-opinionated, with good expression and great aptness of thought. I don't see any particular caution or reserve about you. You are adaptable and probably courageous and high-spirited. I think time will modify some of your characteristics.

EUNICE.—Too much time and space have always been given to the discussion of that woman's powers. I think the explanations are trivial and ridiculous. My dear girl, I've seen forty times more wonderful things done than she has ever attempted, and have learned not to be surprised at anything. If I had space I might tell you some of them, but, after all, what would that profit you or me? As to whether she is justified in making her income so, she should not be judged by her audiences, above all people. I trust your sense of justice will respond to that remark. Your surmise as to my leisure was quite correct. Your writing shows original thought and method, some self-will, care for detail, conservative leanings, and love of the established ways. The purpose is practical and there is not much desire to rule or lead. Caution, discretion and decision are quite strongly indicated.

CHARLIE'S GRANDMOTHER.—Impossible to make study from enclosure. INEZ.—July 22 brings you just on the turn between Cancer and Leo, and you will probably show the influence of both signs. Your writing is not very clear to me. It is very amenable to influences on the emotional plane, and has much leaning to sentiment. At the same time good sequence of ideas and persistence in effort point to ability to conceive, plan and carry out an enterprise. You have great capacity for affection, but I fancy of the most materialistic type. There is absolutely no spirituality or higher inspiration in this study, but it has the sterling qualities of candor, consistency, and power, with tenacious purpose and suggestion of foreign influence.

MAPLE LEAF.—I am sorry you didn't wait for a fresh bottle of ink; the fluid you evolved was so sticky that on following your study, without blotting it, the page stuck together, spoiling the study for delineation; also, it is written on lines. Perhaps, however, one must be good to a body away off in the North-West. The writing is a fair business hand, vertical style, not very eloquent, but very careful, discreet and reliable. Writer has the capacity for taking great pains, which a famous writer says is the real genius.

A CANADIAN.—I must quote one sentence, "New York is a very fascinating place, but one misses the home life and congenial people of dear old Toronto. It is well, however, to be where competition is strong, as it spurs one on, and there is nothing like work for making one happy." That is so heartsome and sensible and true a delivery. You'll get on, with such a grand, dominant, bright courageous hand; reliant, tenacious and just a shade pessimistic, as so many heroes and heroines are. You will always take care of Number One, my woman, and you're a good old conservative-minded body, with love of tradition and the ways of convention behind all the enterprise and magnetic force of your fine nature. To call a spade a spade, to conserve your vital forces, to aim high, to imagine and achieve, are all in your confession. Sentiment is not a soft and yielding force with you, but the grand, real thing. Indeed, you could stand a little "gentling" which would make you even more lovable. Thank you for the good wish. 'Tis no' that bad, the winter!

DAUGHTER.—Thanks for a very fine study, prone to exaggeration and very extreme at times, beside being very aversive to the rôle of the patient waiter. You have the dominant will and the restless energy, the nature which expands in expression what it should store. Fancy quarrelling with the highly civilized occupation of dish-washing. The instincts of order and restoration need to be carefully trained in you. Too much slapdash doesn't wash dishes willingly. Warm affections, love of material comfort, good sequence of ideas, the lust of power, place and praise are strong in you. The hand is that of one apt to be a law unto herself, an individuality so pronounced as to be almost aggressive. I almost wish I owned a hand such as yours!

GRACE DEBOY.—The coarseness indicated by the longer and more dashing study is simply concentrated in the other one. The short line is not in any way of a higher order of writing than the others. In each the ambition to dominate, to be acclaimed, is in identical lines, as in all the inconsiderate utterance and careless method are indicated. The least objectionable of the three, but also the least important and decisive, is the short-

est study. You cannot expect me to be bothered with more than one.

BLOOD LILIES.—October 24 brings you under Scorpio, but the influence of Libra is still felt. The Scorpio people are the strong and able guardians, the kind and constant helpers of the weak and ailing. They are adamant in demanding high achievement from any one in whom they trust and believe, when their ideal falls short they suffer keenly, but make no sign. Scorpio is the great power of the sea, and while generous and noble, never forgets an injury nor its punishment. I don't think you have fully developed the genius of this fine sign, owing to your Libra tendencies. Libra is the Scales, uncertain in mood and inconstant in effort. You have some talent, and a sweet disposition with a tendency to look on the shady side of life. There is no such thing as a lucky sign. Each has its good and bad, its drawbacks and its good points.

FLY.—Your study shows force, but not concentration, and the impulse is erratic and sometimes inconsistent. You have not a very connected train of thought, and sentimental appeals may easily influence you. There is imagination, force and a good deal of cleverness in some of your lines, though the study is ill-balanced. Taste and some artificiality in method are suggested. If you were as prudent as you think you are, oh, my! but the Sphinx would be a babbling brook to you.

SOLEIL.—There is just the ordinary commercial hand, with touches of nervous and sensitive temper suggesting a feminine study; either that or a very high-strung man, with concentration, pleasant manner, love of harmony and beauty, and somewhat exacting taste. As for the change in your writing from ten years ago, did you suppose the experiences and encounters of that period would have left no mark upon your chirography? The writing within your envelope is vastly superior to the address and shows much more clearly your good traits. The various crudities of final letters and over-written capitals cannot hide the strength and self-esteem of your nature. You will never make a leader, but you will also never make a satisfactory follower—rather do it alone! Your method is neat, observant and reliable.

MARJORIE CLARE.—Do I sometimes think another's work more pleasant than mine? No, no, Marjorie; that way lies discontent and imbecility. Every work has its rough and smooth. I'd not change places with the Czar, for instance, would you? You seem to be having a pretty nice time yourself. My regards to the doctor, noblest profession of all, my dear! So you feel as if you knew me? Oh, what a shock you'd have if you came across me now. For yours is the last of to-day's letters, my dear, and my specs are on askew with the hurry I'm in to do seventeen other things I have waiting. Your writing shows habitual thought and concentration, with hope and cheerfulness, tenacity and an utter disregard for power and acclaim. You have refined and feminine tastes and simple wants and ambitions. Therein lies the touchstone of happiness. A bright mind and quick sympathies are yours. I almost feel like envying you the doctor, and I frankly envy you the country drives. I, too, love the good gee-gee!

PIXIE O'SHAUNNESSY, COUNTY KILDARE, IRELAND.—If I told you things two years ago, Pixie, etc., 'twould have last you a while longer. Your pleasant lines are still very young and half developed. Why hurry the process? Be a child, and a nice child you are, just as long as ever you can.

A United States Social Capital.

We do not think, says *Harper's Weekly* that either Washington or New York or any other city will ever become the social capital of the United States. London is the social capital of Great Britain. Washington will come much nearer to it than it does at present, but the country is too big to have a social capital. Hordes of people will come to New York to make money, to amuse themselves, to study, to live their lives in the least restricted atmosphere that the country offers. But only very rich people will come here to find and occupy a place in organized society. Pleasant people will always find pleasant playmates here. There is no lack of good company for everybody that is companionable. But the charm of New York for people who still live elsewhere, is not in its society, but in its shops and shows, its sunshine, its eating and its drinking. It is pleasant. It grows finer every day. When it is finished and equipped with due Subways and relief of some disfigurements, it will be a marvellous city, but hardly the social capital of the country. But the isolation of the inland cities will be tempered steadily by the spread of acquaintance. The well-to-do Americans meet nowadays in many places, at school, at college, at the seashore, on steamers, in Europe. They will be better mixed sometime than they are as yet.

Always be on time—and you will have to wait for the other fellow. Mrs. Clabbe—Man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Clabbe—Yes—or he can get married.

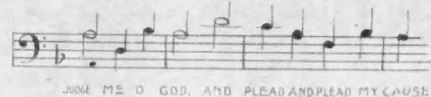
Madge—Was it a fashionable wedding? Marjorie—Was it? Why, my dear, they had to call out the police reserves.

Covernton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

Cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath. Highly recommended to those having false teeth. It is the original and best TOOTH WASH. Be sure and ask for Covernton's, as there are many imitations. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 bottle. For sale by all druggists.

D. WATSON & CO., Agents
444 St. Paul street, Montreal.

A MENDELSSOHN CHOIR VALENTINE.



JOHN ME O GOD, AND PLEAD AND PLEAD MY CAUSE



SHADE OF MENDELSSOHN, HAVE YOU ANY INDIANS FROM WATERLOO COUNTY IN THAT CHORUS OF CANUCKS!
A.S.V.—WELL, YOU TRY CONDUCTING THIS CHORUS FOR ONE REHEARSAL AND YOU'LL FIND OUT.
WHO'S THAT SINGING A WAR-WHOOP ON THAT SOTTO VOCE?

Society at the Capital.

THE visit to Ottawa of another renowned and accomplished actor, in the person of Sir Charles Wyndham, with his charming and talented company, was the occasion of many bright and happy gatherings given in their honor. On Thursday the principals of the group, Sir Charles, his sister, Mrs. Vane-Featherston, and Miss Mary Moore had the honor of luncheon with His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Grey at Government House, and after the performance on the same evening, at which all Ottawa's élite were present, Mr. and Mrs. Colingwood Schreiber invited quite a large number to meet them at supper, when a most delicious repast was provided at small tables scattered about in the dining-room, library, hall, and sun-parlor, all prettily arranged with flowers. Those fortunate enough to receive invitations were: Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Colonel and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lambie, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, M. and Madame Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jones, Miss Roma King, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Dainty, Miss Molly Cartwright, Miss Fielding, the Misses Ritchie, Miss Winifred Gormully, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Ewart, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Logan, M.P., Mr. Dymont, M.P., Major Paske, Captain Trotter, Captain Newton, A.D.C.'s, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. D. Pottinger, Mr. Appleton, Mr. Felton Gilmour, Mr. Gladwyn MacDougall, Mr. A. J. Ritchie, and many others. Sir Charles and several of the male members of his company were also entertained at a most *cherry* lunch at the Rideau Club on Saturday by Mr. W. A. Allan, when about ten of the most popular Ottawa club-men enjoyed a chat with this most interesting and clever comedian, the only drawback being that the time was necessarily limited, on account of the matinee performance, to which the guests of honor had to hurry off.

Skating parties have in a measure lost their "zip" this year, owing probably to the fact that the first lady of the land is not as ardent a devotee of the art as her predecessor, and they have not been as popular or numerous of late. However, although not as largely attended as in past years, Monday night's entertainment, which was given by several of the bachelors of the Capital at the Rideau rink, was most enjoyable. Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Belcourt and Mrs. Robert Gill lent their assistance and acted as chaperones. Colonel Irwin, with Miss Molly Cart-

wright led the usual opening grand march, and as the ice and music were both perfect and at no time was the crowd excessive, everything was conducive to the evening's thorough enjoyment. Major Paske was the only representative of Government House who was present. Another little out-door party of the same nature took place on Thursday afternoon, when members of the Minto Skating Club, which it will be remembered, was organized a couple of seasons ago, were entertained at Government House rink by Lady Grey, when His Excellency and Lady Sybil Grey took an active part in and apparently enjoyed the sport to the utmost. Lady Grey, and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, however, contented themselves with watching the gay scene from the windows of the dressing-room, the day being too cold to tarry very long out of doors when not engaged in active exercise. Lady Grey wore a purple cloth costume with handsome sable furs, Mrs. Hanbury-Williams' suit being of corduroy in a deep shade of violet. At five o'clock everyone was glad to hurry to the warm tea-room, where mulled claret and dainty refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed after the hearty and vigorous exercise.

The one and only dance of the week came off on Friday night at the Golf Club House, Mrs. John Coates having chosen this popular method of entertaining for her guest, Miss Waldie of Toronto. The Golf Club House is a most attractive spot and an ideal place for entertaining, with its large sitting-rooms and committee-room, all of which had on Friday night huge log fires burning cheerily in the old-fashioned hearths, and giving everything a cosy and homelike air, particularly appreciated after the long drive in the tram which is necessary to reach this attractive spot. The balcony in the hall-room provided an excellent place for the orchestra, which on this occasion played admirably and dancing was kept up until a late hour. Supper was arranged at small tables and the decorations were prettily carried out in pink and white carnations. The hostess was handsomely gowned in black; Miss Jessie Coates wore white with touches of pink, and Miss Waldie looked exceedingly well in a black gown with deep pink girdle.

Luncheons and teas were perhaps more popular than any other form of entertainment last week, the latter as usual taking the palm in point of numbers. Lady Borden was the hostess on Thursday afternoon at a "seasonal tea" given in honor of the many visitors in town. She was assisted by the Misses Borden, Miss Annie Paterson, and Miss Mabel Richardson, and some of those

invited to participate in this pleasant little festivity at Stadacona Hall were: Lady and the Misses Cartwright, Mrs. Paterson, the Misses Emmerson, the Misses Calvert, the Misses Fielding, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Ralph Smith of Nanaimo, B.C., Madame Burneau, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Farrell of Halifax, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. and Miss Hughes of Lindsay, Mrs. Templeman of Victoria, B.C., Mrs. W. C. Edwards, Miss Wilson of Cumberland, Mrs. Burrows of Brandon, Madame Bergeron of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss White of Pembroke, Mrs. and Miss Kirchhoffer of Brandon, Mrs. Hall of Peterboro', Mrs. Cairns of Montreal, Mrs. Worthington of Sherbrooke, Mrs. Carmichael of New Glasgow, Mrs. Rathbun of Belleville, Mrs. Gilbert MacIntyre of St. Mary's, Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Bartlett of Windsor.

Lady Cartwright was also at home at the tea-hour on Wednesday to a large number, composed principally of Ottawans, when the floral decorations and the dining-room of yellow daffodils and violets arranged on a bed of fluffy yellow tulle were very much admired and gave one, as it were, a foretaste of the coming spring, which from out-door appearances is yet so far away.

The largest of Friday's many teas was that given by Mrs. Thomas White for Mrs. MacGregor of New Glasgow, who received with her hostess and wore a becoming black net gown, relieved by touches of pink on the corsage. The dining-room floral decorations were artistically carried out with white and pink carnations which in combination with silver candelabra and shades of the loveliest crimson hue completed an exceedingly effective and pleasing picture.

Miss Bell of Carleton Place, sister of Mrs. A. E. Frapp, Queen street, was the *raison d'être* of a large At Home at which the latter was the hostess on Thursday, when the guests, with few exceptions, were Mrs. Frapp's married lady friends. Mrs. O'Halloran and Miss Dawson looked after the wants of the guests at a tea-table in the drawing-room, laden with pink hyacinths and ferns, while in the dining-room ices and claret-cup were dispensed by a group of attractive young ladies, who were: Miss Monica Lyon, Miss Mildred Kittington, Miss Ida Hughes, Miss Forbes, Miss Mary Slater and Miss Edith Sparks.

Hostesses who entertained at luncheons during the week were Mrs. D. M. Finnie, Mrs. John Gilmour and Mrs. E. J. Chamberlin; while dinners were given by Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell and Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Feb. 13, 1905.

Origin of the Japanese.

One of the traditional accounts of the origin of the Japanese Empire is very interesting. The legend, which attributes the rise of these sprightly Easterners to a Chinese source, runs as follows:

Sinosikwo ascended the throne of China in the year 246 B.C., and at once entered on a career of cruelty and tyranny. He was, nevertheless, most anxious to enjoy the privileges of his position for as long a period as possible. For the purpose of obtaining some specific agent by which the duration of human life could be prolonged, he dispatched trusted messengers and explorers into all the countries with which he held any communication, or the whereabouts of which he could possibly obtain any knowledge.

Taking advantage of the circumstances, one of his medical attendants, who was living in hourly dread of a sudden sentence of death, told the em-

pire again. The previously unoccupied parts of Japan were rapidly populated with a race more fresh and vigorous in body and mind than the average inhabitants of the land of the "Celestials" itself!—Everywhere.

Working or Union.

We are credibly informed that the Baptists and Disciples in Walkerton have had several conferences on the subject of their relative positions, with a view to a union of the two churches. The overtures came from the Baptists and were warmly received by the Disciples. The first three meetings dealt only with the points of agreement, and it was found that they were weighty and surprisingly many. Other meetings will deal with points of difference. It is devoutly to be hoped that the Baptists and Disciples in Walkerton will be able to work out the question. If they succeed others can follow their example. The outcome will be awaited with interest.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1709

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, New Zealand, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

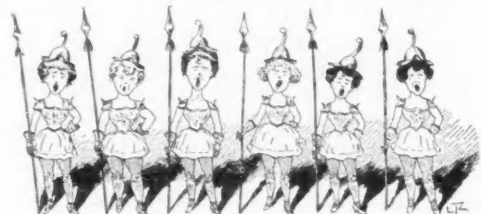
One Year..... \$3 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 18 TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 18 1905 No. 15

THE DRAMA



THE MAID AND THE MUMMY, which held the boards of the Princess the first half of the week, is probably appropriately named. It is such a half-dead sort of entertainment that even the courage of the modern writer of the book of comic opera failed to claim for it a distinctive class. It is announced rather superfluously on the programme that *The Maid and the Mummy* was neither light nor comic opera, musical or farcical comedy, burlesque or extravaganza. It wasn't. It claimed to be a merry musical *mélange* containing some of the good points of them all. In the flashier and cruder points and in the beauty of some of the stage settings and the large, shapely chorus, the claim may be justified. With a possible additional redeeming feature in the fact that the music, while old and reminiscent, was bright and sparkling, there was little but a medley of nonsense seasoned with an occasional dash of coarseness that the palates of the patrons of the Princess do not require to make an evening's entertainment piquant. With all its undesirable and flimsy qualities, the *Maid and the Mummy* gave Gilbert Gregory as *MacSweat*, a ludicrous travesty of a Scottish character. Edward Garvie as the *Mummy*, May Boley as *Trixie* the actress, and Janet Priest, as a yellow-novel-read Bowery girl, an opportunity to do some clever work of the "specialty" kind.

At the Grand Opera House this week is a play entitled *Mrs. Mac, the Mayor*, which seems to contain a bit of everything from vaudeville down to the legitimate drama. It cannot be said to have any distinct plot, but *Mrs. Mac* is a host in herself. Several rather pretty songs are introduced, and a little step-dancing, love-making, and a villain or two thrown in, make *Mrs. Mac, the Mayor*, quite incongruous, but still rather pleasing.

Thurston the Magician heads the bill at Shea's this week, and his performance is far above the average. Some of his tricks are very extraordinary and startling, the most wonderful being the flotation of a young lady. An excellent turn is that of the De Koe Trio, their balancing and acrobatic work being of the finest. That black-faced minstrel, Lew Hawkins, is back again, with new stories and songs, and seems to be as popular as ever. Melville and Stetson are not quite up to their usual standard. Julia Kingsley and Nelson Lewis present a farce entitled *Her Uncle's Niece*, which is rather dull. Steele, Doty & Co. have a musical act which is quite good. Klein and Clifton sing and dance and with the kinetograph complete the bill.

Considerable local interest has been aroused by the announcement that Henrietta Crossman will play an engagement here this spring. Miss Crossman's fame in the East is great. She has not been seen here in some years, and her engagement is likely to prove the event of the season. It is particularly gratifying to hear also that Miss Crossman will be seen in her greatest success, *Mistress Nell*, for local theater-goers are more anxious to see that play than any other of her repertoire. It was in *Mistress Nell* that Miss Crossman first startled New York, and since that time she has probably appeared more often in New York than any other actress. During the last two years, for instance, Miss Crossman has played outside of New York city only twelve weeks, and always to crowded houses.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association will give their annual entertainment for the benefit of the sick fund of the organization in the Grand Opera House on Friday afternoon, March 3, when a varied programme will be presented, including numbers from the several attractions playing in the city during that week. The entertainment this season is under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor General. The Association will present each ticket-holder with a neat souvenir—a cushion-cover depicting the British Empire.

One of the big productions of last season, *Sky Farm*, which is to be seen at the Grand next week, was Boston's trump card of the year for almost four consecutive months and the equal delight of New York city for nearly one hundred nights thereafter. But a limited number of New England towns could be played in the interim. The piece has been given a presentation which, in extent and liberality, rivals those established successes, *Way Down East*, *Old Homestead*, *Lovers' Lane*, etc. The play itself is considered the equal of, if not superior to, those other successes of Mr. Kidder, *A Poor Relation* and *Peaceful Valley*, which that author furnished the late Sol Smith Russell. The company cast to the various characters has never been surpassed in a piece of similar kind, for each individual is a finished actor in his or her respective line of work. The result is said to be a well-rounded and harmonious whole. *Sky Farm* succeeds with a great mass of theater-goers, probably because of its superabundance of fun and love-making. It has given the keenest satisfaction to thousands of the best class of theater patrons, and is expected to fill the house here.

"Mamma, which periodical is it that papa goes off on?"
"I understand Dyer is living the simple life." "Yes, he's in a sanitarium."

Crawford—Do you think mountain-climbing will ever become a fashionable amusement? *Crabshaw*—It looks that way. I see they are making autos that can do it.



A PICTURESQUE POSTER FOR PETER PAN—THE PIRATE SHIP.

Mr. J. M. Barrie may be caricatured, and his kail-yard greater impression on current literature or displayed greater *Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*, a glorified fairy story with London, England, at the present time. The adventures of them, are told with all the tender fancy that is peculiarly Mr. Barrie's own. The above scene is where the children of the evident study of the well-known "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*," *Peter Pan* is posing as the dethroned Emperor of the most artistic and striking that has ever been displayed

stories laughed at, but few men of his day have made a versatility. A delightful play from his pen, *Peter Pan*; or the *Arabian Night's* flavor, is having a most successful run in three children in Never-Never Land, where *Peter Pan* took Barrie's own. The above scene is where the children of the evident study of the well-known "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*," *Peter Pan* is posing as the dethroned Emperor of the most artistic and striking that has ever been displayed

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LINCOLN'S birthday anniversary is rapidly taking its place among the national holidays. Falling this year on Sunday, the virtues of the remarkable man were the theme of thousands of pulpit orators, while the Sunday illustrated papers devoted the usual space to the stirring events of which he will always remain the central, homely figure. Glowing words have been spoken and penned, and they are all deserved, but better than glowing words, is the eloquence of his own inscrutable silence. The mystery of this unassuming, homely man of genius, who touches our imagination beyond the depths that orators penetrate, will always evade us, explain it how we will.

In some ways he seems the most solitary figure of the century. Standing apart from his contemporaries, through the very solitude of his genius, and apart from the background of smoke and battle, because the qualities of heart and mind for which he stands are fixed and eternal, while smoke and battle belong to the passions of a day.

Times change, and honest yarn socks would be sadly out of place in the present social splendor of White House—both the honesty and the yarn, perhaps. But, to allow the national soul to be impressed by the rugged, sterling simplicity of Lincoln's character, even for a day, cannot fail of good, though his ideals be all forgotten the other three hundred and sixty-four.

"Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes."

During the recent campaign one of his Cabinet made the statement on behalf of the present White House occupant, that in all his public acts, the one question he asked himself was, "What would Lincoln do?" John D. Rockefeller is said to similarly ask himself, "What would Jesus do?" And the advantage in asking ourselves these questions is that we usually get the answer we want.

There is pathos in all solitude and the pathos of Lincoln is no doubt heightened by his tragic death. No better commentary on the tragedy, nor, for that matter, on Lincoln's memory, has come to light than Walt Whitman's:

"O, Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise—up—for you the flag's at flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain, dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead."

To pass from grave to gay, the theatrical programmes of the coming week announce no new thing except Mr. Edward Terry, the celebrated English comedy actor, in still another play, *The Passport*. This will be Mr. Terry's last week with us, unfortunately, but if *The Passport* comes up to expectations it ought to prove the most successful week of his long engagement in this city.

It is many a long day since New York has had a pure comedy actor in Mr. Terry's class, and such long lapses are no doubt unfortunate for the form of legitimate comedy that Mr. Terry represents. Actors may come and go, but the stage must needs go on forever, entertaining its patrons, somehow—if not wisely and well, then foolishly and ignobly. Boredom is a terrible thing, only a little less terrible than unproductive investments, and to the propinquity of these twin we undoubtedly owe much that the stage has brought forth in the name of comedy—musical and otherwise. A twist of the leg, or some equally vulgar peculiarity of gait or speech, passing current for the gift of inspired comedy.

That all this has had its effect on the public's taste, and understanding of comedy, *Cousin Billy* and *Higgledy-Piggledy* can bear witness. Fortunately, there is always the saving remnant, which, though often least in evidence, is the final arbiter of stage and other destinies. And to such Mr. Terry's visit has been an unmixed pleasure, even a joy that will not soon be forgotten. The loveliness of the man, too, seems to reach even beyond the influence of his art.

Mr. Willard has likewise, through the collapse of the "luckless" *Durham*, come to his last week with us, for the present.

The Brighter Side, that with a little re-writing, especially of the last feeble act, might make a strong comedy, proved a much better attraction than the Barrett play, but not of sufficient interest to justify its continuance. And for this, the closing week, we are to have this popular actor in his ever popular *Middleman* and *The Professor's Love Story*, two plays which best represent his versatility, one as a strong emotional actor and the other as an actor of a sweet, refined, light-comedy part. Neither of these plays is worn out by any means, and without the unlucky *Durham* at all, would have given the actor another successful American season.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Willard that the Barrett piece, on which he had bestowed so much care both in staging and rehearsing, should have proved such a failure. But, that its failure was not foreseen, is only another illustration of the fallibility of stage judgment, to which even experienced managers are often prone.

Ada Rehan will appear this week in her famous rôle of *Lady Teazle* in *School for Scandal*. Last week we saw her in *Taming of the Shrew* and the well-known characterization still has all the distinction, that has made this actress famous since the old Daly Theater days of almost a generation ago.



OBSTRUCTING THE JAPANESE.

Despatches from Manchuria state that the Russians are putting every obstacle in the line of the Japanese advance.

Miss Rehan seems to be the one classical actress left to us of the old school, and one of the few who can give real distinction to a Shakespearean part. Perhaps there is an unnecessary hardness to her *Shrew's* character, a too much tightening of the human chords, but in the tender love passages nothing could be finer, more graceful or more delicately convincing, and show more perfect command of her artistry. The old days of the Daly Theater stock company productions, wherein was writ so much of the best history of the American stage, are days of the long ago, and the theater itself is given up to ordinary Broadway attractions. But Ada Rehan's twenty years' association with the classic playhouse is still remembered by old theatergoers, who think of these years as the palmiest in the annals of stage history, in this country. Charles Richman, as *Petruchio*, gave a very pleasing performance, his great voice rolling and thundering about the stage with infinite delight to himself, and satisfaction to his audience. And, lest you should misunderstand all this make-believe, his broad, jovial smile was always waiting to offer the "tip" and give the lie to all his bluster.

It was a jolly performance and the audience enjoyed the situation almost as much as *Petruchio*, and infinitely more than the dinnerless *Katherine* appeared to. J. E. W.

Dust From the Stars.

IT'S the extra pennyworth that Love gives, after the demands of duty are satisfied, that makes for immortality. Do not talk about yourself; let purposes appear in your deeds.

Love may be a beggar; but Cupid never has to pass the contribution-box.

Some people can't keep the Golden Rule, because it is golden.

We can't measure the infinite with the yardstick of reason. It takes a noble man to be just to his rival.

No difficulties can withstand a stout courage and a strong arm.

Enthusiasm is the highlight on the train of progress.

Every man has a Klondike in his own brain. Keep digging.

We must hoe our dry ideas with Reason, moisten them with Feeling, warm them with Fancy, before the flower of Beauty will bloom.

Age looks at life through blue goggles; youth through rose-tinted glasses. Both are wrong; but there is a freshness in the earlier vision that we long for in vain when it has vanished forever.

Patience wins. Success largely is a question of long life.

The lights of the city are beacons of hope to the young, and demon's eyes to the wretched.

The eggs of success are not hatched by brooding.

The suits of success are not ready-made. Every man must be his own tailor. ERNEST NEAL LYON.

A Suppressed Insurrection.

"UMPAH!" quoth Morenstout cheerfully—and the first shovelful of snow sloshed into the gutter. "Uh—pah!" grunted Morenstout grimly—and the fifth shovelful of snow squashed into the gutter.

"Um-m-m—pah!" groaned Morenstout dolefully—and the seventh shovelful of snow slopped into the gutter.

Then, with a furtive look at the windows, Morenstout straightened his aching back, rested his tired arms on the handle of the shovel, and mournfully surveyed the long expanse of snow-covered sidewalk still awaiting his ministrations.

"Of course James had to take just this time to get himself laid up with rheumatism," he soliloquized sadly; "and of course this had to be the deepest snowfall of the winter; and of course it had to be the heaviest snow that ever did fall; and of course I had to let Martha banter me into making a fool of myself!"

Again Morenstout bent to his task, and the steady grunt—slosh, grunt—slosh of the next minute or two testified to the strenuousness of his labors.

Then he took another rest, while bitterly communing with himself thus: "Two feet cleaned off, and all of forty-eight more to do. Looks to me like I may get through sometime next summer, if I hurry. If it wasn't for what Martha'd say, blamed if I wouldn't postpone the balance to next summer, or *since die*. I have wondered how a wife-beater gets up the courage to do it. I'll be he wouldn't if he'd married Martha. Oh, Martha, Martha, what snow is shoveled in thy name!"

It was a full minute this time before Morenstout had to have another rest, and the grievances surging in his brain had to find utterance.

"Confound it, Martha, I don't know why I should be afraid of your ridicule!" he burst out fiercely. "If you were at all kind and considerate you wouldn't expect me to spend all my time shoveling snow. If you really loved me, you'd know that I couldn't shovel snow without breaking my back. I don't care what you say, I'll never start to clean this blasted pavement again. I suppose I'd never hear the last of it, or I'd quit this second."

Morenstout's following furious onslaught on the snow lasted fully thirty seconds, before he straightened up with a vicious jerk, slung his shovel savagely into the middle of the street, and stalked determinedly up the path to the front door.

"I don't care a hang what Martha'll say!" he muttered through his set teeth. "I'm a man, and I'm going to assert my manhood. I've quit! If she wants that sidewalk cleaned, let her hire somebody who's used to that kind of work, or do it herself. She can roast me all she wants to, but she can't make a snow-heap out of me any longer. I'm through!"

"Why, John," said Mrs. Morenstout, as her husband strode into the hall, and as innocently as though she had not been peeking through the window-curtains, "have you finished already? I knew a big, active man like you could do it in half the time that lazy, good-for-nothing James always took; but I'm afraid you worked too hard, dear. You're not used to it, and you ought to have taken more time to it instead of working like a giant."

"Tisn't finished," replied Morenstout, looking uncertainly every place except at his wife.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Morenstout solicitously. "You haven't broken the shovel with those great big muscles of yours, have you? You must be careful, John; you don't half realize how splendidly strong you are."

"Shovel's all right," replied Morenstout, gulping a little. "I've—er—I've just come in for a drink of water. Awfully thirsty work, shoveling snow is!"

ALEX. RICKETTS.

Old Saws Refiled.

A watched Pot never boils over.
A Word to the Wise is wasted.
A rolling Stone gathers much experience.
A Party and his Money are soon fooled.
Modesty is the best Policy.
A Company is known by the Men it keeps.
Discretion is the unpopular Part of Valor.
Time and Tide could wait for no Woman.

Delayed.

"Ladies," said the chairwoman of the club, "I must ask you to be patient. Mrs. Rumdum, who is to address us this afternoon on *The Foolishness of Modern Fashion*, has just telephoned that her modiste has only this moment delivered her new dress, and of course she must wait long enough to don it, as she could not appear before such a representative audience in a last season's gown."

With a chorus of murmured sympathy and approval, the members of the club settled back in their chairs to wait the arrival of the helpful speaker.

Nellie—He was positively rude to me. Mabel—You mustn't mind him; he's a diamond in the rough. Nellie—Well, after this he'll be a cut diamond.

Dull—Denham tells me he is studying harmony. W'yd—I didn't know he was musical. Dull—He isn't. He's going to be married.

The Value of Wild Oats.

COTTINGHAM was born with the proverbial silver spoon, and it was not until he was thirty-five and the silver spoon had melted in the hot crucible of a fast life that he arranged his headgear into a thinking-cap. And he faced the problem of making a living. It was not as easy as he fancied.

Other men of his age had been in training for fifteen or twenty years for the opportunities that thirty-five could expect, and he found that "these Johnnies" knew many things conducive to worldly prosperity undreamt of in the philosophy of clubs and drawing-rooms.

He was given charge of the foreign correspondence of the wholesale house that had reluctantly yielded to the pressure of social influence from Montreal, and the fact that he knew, through several years' residence in Paris, more about French and German than Ollendorf generally teaches. And he tried to work up an interest in German silver and French metal brooches and buckles and found it difficult to even nibblingly indulge in the tastes of other days on fifteen dollars a week.

"I potter along," he said to an old-time friend who had called on him *en passant* and was sympathizing with the *flâneur* of a few years back as they sat in the hall bedroom of a Jarvis street boarding-house. "The worst of the whole thing is that I shall have to spend several years unlearning half the things I thought I knew. The whole point of view of life is changed when looked at through the wicket of a business office from the inside. There is nothing that I have picked up in the whole of my knock-about life that is of the least value to me in getting on in the business world. In fact what I have picked up, if I put it in practice, is a drawback. I rather prided myself on my French accent and my ability to catch on to the fine points of a French joke, but any Johnny with a Public School education can manage the ordinary French and German required in ordering or receiving bills for cutlery and brooches. The qualities that go to facilitating the blowing in of money are of no value towards its accumulation. The only thing that a swift pace teaches is that it cannot last. None of the details can be utilized."

This story will prove that he was mistaken. The head of the firm—who was in fact the firm—had two manners. He either bullied or fawned. He frequently spoke to his underlings about the great advantage it was in business life to have an adaptable manner. The one he adapted for Cottingham's benefit was that of a bully. He resented Cottingham's personality. He was the sort of man who would sympathize with the old Cockney merchant who sent his son to Eton that he might have an opportunity of kicking a lord. The only things he respected in life were success and respectability, for he was as material an old curmudgeon as ever abused a club-waiter or moved a set of resolutions for increased protection at a Board of Trade meeting. The only things in life he loved were his position and his young wife. His money had brought him what he respected and what he loved.

He disliked Cottingham for no other reason probably than that his foreign-correspondence clerk had something that money



"You don't seem to know anything!" blustered the head of the firm.

couldn't buy, that he couldn't force an employee to give abject explanations and excuses when he was censured for some trivial fault or oversight, that Cottingham was imperturbably calm when he burst tempestuously into the general office and gave everybody within earshot "Hail, Columbia!" while the others looked flustered or impressed. He almost hated him one afternoon after he had made Cottingham "walk the carpet" for a bad quarter of an hour about nothing in particular. At the conclusion of that interview he had muttered something about beggars on horseback, and Cottingham had stepped quickly up to the desk and said quietly through his set teeth:

"Do you mean me, sir?"

He remembered that Cottingham's right hand was tightly clenched and that there was a dangerous light in his usually sleepy eyes.

"I mean nothing," he had managed to say, and he always felt that he had spluttered when he said it.

On account of Cottingham's Montreal connection he did not wish to dismiss him summarily without a valid reason, but he subjected him to the hundred-and-one annoyances to which only a chief with a petty disposition could subject a subordinate. He told him one afternoon that a cablegram was expected, and if it came to the office that evening he would like to have it delivered at once. Cottingham knew that this meant his weary waiting in the office all evening to play telegraph messenger about a cablegram formally announcing the shipping of a consignment of candelabra from Hamburg, but he said nothing.

The cablegram came about nine o'clock, and he buttoned up his coat and walked through the cold January night the several miles to the home of his employer in the northern part of the city. Fifteen dollars a week makes a man in the vigor of life who cannot cure himself of a preference for decent Turkish cigarettes and cannot be chary in his laundry-bills, economical as to car-fare.

He had left Yonge street and had taken a short cut across the Ravine when, ascending the winding snow-covered road, he saw a cab drawn up in the shadow of the trees that covered a vacant lot. The freshly-fallen snow had deadened the sound of his footsteps and he heard a half-familiar voice say:

"You are sure, cabman, that you can catch the 10.45 train. I only want to catch it, remember. I want to get there just five minutes before it goes. I have the tickets. I want just time to catch it. Not a minute too soon or too late. So gauge your driving accordingly. I will be back in a few minutes."

"Tickets, eh? Plural. Something must be doing in romantic Rosedale," thought Cottingham, and he tried to think where he had heard that voice before. He paused in his struggle with memory and the fur-clad figure, who had been talking to the cabman passed him in the moonlight, and he saw his face.

"At his old tricks," said Cottingham, quietly to himself. "Stole cards in a Montreal club and had to withdraw his name. Stole money when he was a bank-clerk and the affair was hushed up by his friends. Stole a French-Canadian chambermaid's happiness and now is trying the same game on in swagger Rosedale."

And the man ahead of him whistled softly twice and a hooded fur-swathed form came from a side-door towards him. "Well, I'll be hanged if it's not the old man's," muttered Cottingham. "Those furs don't belong to any servant girl. Great heavens!" as his eyes caught a glimpse of the woman's face in the moonlight, "it is—it is—"

He didn't say a word for a minute, and stood quietly in the shadow of an overhanging elm. The pair moved quickly towards him in the direction of the waiting cab. They were opposite him when he stepped out of the shadow to the sidewalk.

"Pardon me, Ferguson. Could I speak to you a minute? I must, I suppose, speak before a third party. You remember that cheque you gave me three years ago for which there were



PRIMUM VIVERE, DEINDE PHILOSOPHARI.

"Is Florrie's engagement really off, then?"

"Oh, yes. Jack wanted her to give up gambling and smoking, and goodness knows what else," (Chorus)—"How absurd!"—Funch.

no funds? Well, if that is not paid in one hour you will be arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. There will be a policeman watching that you don't leave on the 10.45 train. I shall telephone down to police headquarters in a few minutes to watch out for you. You had better give up your drive to-night, as this matter is pressing."

Cottingham never looked at the fur-swaddled figure. He looked only at Ferguson, but he could tell by a half-stifled cry that he was not the only one who had seen the look of fear and guilt on Ferguson's face.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was in his chief's drawing-room calmly receiving the censures for his late arrival with a message which was merely part of the formality of business.

"You fine gentlemen in my office don't seem to know anything!" blustered the head of the firm from his point of vantage before the fire-place.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Cottingham, and the smile in his eyes belied the deprecatory tone. "Some of us know a thing or two."

And gradually Cottingham's chief is beginning to think so, for his wife is believed to have great influence over him. LEWIS.

Get a Grip.

If you fancy your hold on your fortune is lost,

Get a grip;

If you just missed the buoy some passenger tossed,

Get a grip.

For you'll find as you creep through the Valley of Care, Where the pathway is rough and the fields are too bare, That the man who hangs on is the man who gets there.

Get a grip.

There is nothing that's lost that is hopelessly lost.

Get a grip.

The prize we may win if we work for the cost.

Get a grip.

The man who courts failure can win it, I know;

He has but to give up and let the thing go,

But the fellow who wins must stand to the blow.

Get a grip.

I am preaching this sermon not only for you,—

Get a grip—

For I need it myself; I most certainly do—

Get a grip.

But I've watched the great game till I know how it's played, And the man who wins out is the man undismayed By the blow that another would lay in the shade.

Get a grip.

A. J. W.

Mrs. Crawford—Has she gone to Florida for business or pleasure?

Mrs. Crabshaw—As she took her three marriageable daughters along there won't be much pleasure for her unless she does some business.

It Applies to Toronto.

It was the last three minutes before the curtain was rung down on the new drama which had held enchained a vast audience—an audience composed largely of women, for the occasion was a Saturday matinee. And now the heroine and the villain were about to explain their erratic behavior.

But although this climax had been breathlessly awaited, every woman present feverishly occupied herself in collecting her belongings, a process necessitating voluble conversation, profuse apology and much searching on the floor for pocket-books, goloshes, hampins, veils, gloves, muffs, boas, handkerchiefs, ornaments, violets, small packages, lognettes, samples, cough-drops, and so on to infinity.

"Oh, they are putting on their monstrous hats so that I cannot see the stage," cried an impatient girl, unused to this discipline of the spirit; "and they are scraping their feet along the floor and I cannot hear the end of the play. Ah! indignantly, 'one of them has slapped me in the face with her goloshes.'"

"Be brave," said a woman beside her, to whom age had taught tolerance and resignation; "be brave," she urged, calmly removing a neighbor's hatpin from her cheek and staunching the flow of blood upon the chiffon veil of the woman in front of her. "You will never see the end of the play. You might come again and again; but they will never let you hear those last explanatory lines."

"But why, why?" asked the perplexed child. "Why do they not wait until the curtain falls before beginning their unseemly scrambles?"

"Because they are New Yorkers," answered the older woman. "They are always rushing off to catch a train or a boat or to meet an engagement."

"How restless it must be for them when they are ill!" sighed the girl. "They are then forced to take a little comfortable, death-bed leisure."

"Not at all," returned her chance acquaintance. "They do not permit themselves to waste any time even then. That is the reason why pneumonia and appendicitis are their favorite diseases."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in *Life*.

Puzzle.

A MAN and a woman once dwelt together in as much mutual love and harmony as we ever expect to see in such cases.

The woman was changeable, unreliable, selfish, deceptive, sincere, extravagant, economical, conventional, startling, and so forth—that is, she was the usual thing.

The man was sober, somewhat dull, hard working and extremely restless, for his curiosity was unsatisfied; and, after they had lived together a year or more, he said to the woman:

"I have been studying you for some time, and I must confess that I do not understand you."

"Keep on trying," said the woman confidently; "maybe you will some day."

So the man sat around for another year, and watched and



BLENDING A RACE.

The effect of the new street-car regulation compelling passengers to sit uncomfortably close has already proved startling. Faces, features and forms are becoming blended, from excessive crowding, in a most striking manner, as is shown in the drawing from life made by our artist in a Toronto street-car.

waited, and was uneasy and pleasant and irritable and morose by turns, and then, his curiosity still unquenched, he came again, and said:

"Do you know, you're as much of an enigma to me as ever? Everything else that I have ever tried to know I have found out, but I'll be hanged if I understand you."

"Don't give up," said the woman, with a perfectly satisfied-with-herself smile. "Keep up the good work."

And so for another year the man kept it up, and was as full of eagerness as ever. And the woman was simply delighted.

"I have him worried," she said to herself. "All I've got to do is to keep him guessing, and he is mine for keeps."

But about this time the man failed to come around. And then it became the woman's turn to be anxious.

She had a long hunt, but finally she found him.

"Look here," she said, "what's the meaning of this? I just know that I haven't been stupid enough to let you find me out. You don't understand me any better than you did, do you?"

The man smiled indifferently. Even to answer such a question seemed somewhat of a bore.

"Not a bit better," he replied. "But, you see, I have found another woman who is even more of a puzzle to me than you are."

TOM MASSON.

Maxims.

A SAW cuts but in one direction. So does the maxim or adage. It is a half-truth, that, to become truly pregnant, needs to be wedded to its complementary statement. And, like a happy married pair, each is so wise, so true, so beautiful, that we can scarcely tell which is the better half. Maxims are like lawyers who must needs see but one side of a case. They disregard half the evidence and formulate their prosecution or defence in a single crisp sentence.

"He who hesitates is lost," says one. "Look before you leap," says the other. I need but to give a list of contradictory saws to prove my point. Let me give them, paired, to show how difficult it is to derive wisdom from knowledge.

A man is known by the company he keeps. Appearances are deceitful.

Honesty is the best policy. The truth is not to be spoken at all times.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, or, Two heads are better than one.

Out of sight, out of mind. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Penny wise and pound foolish.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Nothing venture, nothing have.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. A setting hen never grows fat.

Strike while the iron is hot. A patient waiter is no loser.

The early bird catches the worm. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

It never rains but it pours. Every cloud has a silver lining.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the keyhole. Money is the root of all evil.

One swallow does not make a summer. Straws show which way the wind blows.

'Tis a long lane that has no turning. 'Tis never too late to mend, or, As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Poverty makes strange bedfellows. Birds of a feather flock together.

The gods give nuts to those that have no teeth. God tempts the wind to the shorn lamb.

Familiarity breeds contempt. Every crow thinks her chick the blackest.

So it is, that truth is too elusive, too elastic to be compressed into a single sentence. To sail directly to windward we must beat back and forth from one approximation to another.

GELETT BURGESS.

Local News.

(From the *Athens [Greece] Gazette*.)

For valentines go to Johnsonsides. A fine supply. edit Work on the Parthenon is rapidly being pushed to a finish.

Several from here have the *la grippe*. Doc. Hippocrates is attending most of the indispositions, and under his able care much convalescence is hoped for.

Solon, counselor and attorney-at-law. Three parasangs to the right from the drug-store. Strictest confidence. Adv.

Pericles is having the front of his house painted. Praxiteles is doing the job, which is a swell one.

Zenophile of Sparta was buggy-riding Sunday eve. We mention no names.

Taxes is most due. Croesus called on ye editor Wednesday and paid cash for another year for the greatest of weeklies, the *Gazette*. It is a pleasure to do business with a gentleman like him. Come again, Croes.

As we go to press war is raging on the Aegean. News items to the *Gazette* always welcome.

Socrates spent Sunday with his wife. Miltiades has received the pension he was working for. Here's our right hand, Milt.

An anagram party was held at the residence of Xerxes Jones yesterday evening, it being his natal day. A dandy time is reported as having been had. A collation was served.

A Preference.

I've much admired those valentines

All filigreed with lace—

Adorned with divers lovesick lines

For ardent swains to trace.

And yet the valentine whose charms

Gave me more real bliss

Was one who smuggled in my arms

And answered every kiss.

An Acceptance Card.

The editor takes pleasure in saying that your story, entitled *The Buzz of the Buzzard*, is accepted for the *Furething Magazine*. The acceptance of an article, however, does not necessarily imply that it possesses merit. Any one of a number of reasons may lead to its acceptance—such, for instance, as a specious timeliness, the fact that it will exactly fit an empty space, any kind of notoriety attached to the writer's name, the possession by the magazine of a useless illustration, purchased by mistake, which, in an emergency, can be made to misillustrate some of its incidents, or even temporary aberration on the part of the Editor. The absence of criticism is kindly asked to be excused, owing to the vast number of manuscripts which the Editor daily returns without reading at all. Check in payment for your story will, in all probability be sent you some day; meantime the Editor would counsel the beautiful virtue of patience.

"Nothing is so doubtful as uncertainty," remarked Ho-jack, oracularly.

"Except a dead-sure thing," added Tomdick.



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Janos

Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising



Clark's Potted Meats

are unrivalled
For Sandwiches.

Potted Ham, Tongue, Chicken,
Etc., Etc.

Clark's Pork and
Beans are delicious
Try them

W. CLARK, Mr.
Montreal.

Foot Comfort For Elderly People

Elder people will find perfect foot comfort if they wear Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoe.

Sold exclusively by
H. & B. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street



TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM WHISKY.

Perfection of Old Scotch Whisky.

W. TEACHER & SONS, GLASGOW.

Wholesale from GEO. J. FAY, Toronto.
Retail from MICHIE & CO.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.


The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.
Late of the F. Hott House, Toronto.

Mrs. Meyer's Banquet and Refreshment Parlors

BALL ROOM in best condition.
Catering for large or small parties.

Tel. Park 905.
1801 Queen West. Mrs. P. V. Meyer



SOCIETY

AMONG the many quaint and charming groups at the Paper hall none was more admired than the coterie from Hamilton who came down with that most enthusiastic Regent, Mrs. P. D. Cramer. Their costumes were copied from ancient illustrations in *Punch* and the *London News* and the group of sixteen formed a set called "Fifty Years Ago." The ladies wore frilled skirts of soft white crepe paper touched on the edges with gold, and ballooned by small crinolines. The prim bodice and bertha caught with bunches of pink paper roses and foliage; the dark hair softly rolled back from a parting and dressed low behind; wreaths of the pink roses and stiff little round bouquets of them with paper frills and quaint old silver bouquet-holders, gave the finishing touch, literal *coup de grace* to these fascinating toilettes. The men were dandies of 1855, with high cambric stocks, brocade waistcoats, and fobs. This set even danced in the style of the early fifties and was the cynosure of all eyes at the ball. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer were congratulated on all sides on the success of the charming set from the Ambitious City.

A feast of sweet things has been this week offered by the Mendelssohn Choir to the musical public. I am glad to hear that the arrangements for the trip to Buffalo were carried through. We are all so proud of the perfect programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir that we fear nothing from the most exigent critic.

For the third time the Driving Club has been favored with perfect Canadian winter weather, and last Saturday the meet was, as usual, at the Guns at half-past three. There were so many other things on, last Saturday, a day becoming very busy for society folk, that some of the drivers had to cut out the very delightful rendezvous provided at Deancroft for earlier-made engagements. When the party arrived well prepared for something cosy and warm, they were welcomed to the lately occupied home of Major and Mrs. Gooderham with a hospitality as elegant as it was hearty. A huge table, glowing with many vases of Meteor roses, and loaded with dainties in the dining-room, was the pleasant following of Mrs. Gooderham's kind greeting, and the men and women soon surrounded it and enjoyed its good things. The men left their driving-coats in the billiard-room, the extension which Mr. Gooderham added to the stately home, and an ideal apartment. "Wish I had one like it," was the frank remark of an appreciative man. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Gooderham looking a bit like her old radiant self, after such a long and tedious invalidism. A few of those who drove and took tea were: The Master, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal, who is visiting Mrs. Reeves in St. George street; Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Myers, Miss Louie Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Lieutenant-Colonel Stinson, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clark, Mrs. Hay of Strathearn, Dr. Lang, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. B. MacLean, Dr. Charles Temple, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Peters, Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton, Miss White of Quebec, Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Miss Cawthra. The Master led the drive with Mrs. Victor Williams.

Another popular Saturday reunion was given at the Strolling Players' Club which was, as usual, on Saturdays, crowded with members and their friends. The visit of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, who came with his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, was of great interest to the club, and the clever visitor made a short speech which was likewise acceptable. As Mr. Seton's train was very late other friends who had hoped to entertain him during his flying visit were unable to do so. Mr. Seton is on a lecturing tour as far as California, and gave a lecture on *Wild Animals in Their Homes* at the Saturday Pop in Association Hall, for which seats could not be got at eight o'clock. Association Hall seats over a thousand people, and judging from the laughter and applause which greeted the quaint and comical lantern slides during the evening, everyone was delighted with the entertainment. Mr. Seton met a few old friends during his visit who found him just the same unique individual as when he resided here.

A very sweet and pretty bride received last week when Mrs. Norman Seagram's friends found their way on Thursday and Friday to the Buchanan residence in St. George street to offer her their heartiest greetings. The bride wore her wedding robes of heavy, cream-white satin, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell, who, as Zulu Buchanan, was for the short season of her *debut* before her marriage so popular a belle. In the dining-room the bevy of bridesmaids served tea, ices and bride-cake from a very beautiful buffet done in white and pink carnations and lighted by a pink-shaded candelabrum over billows of tulle in the center. The girls in the tea-room included Miss Mary Miles, Miss Mollie Waldie, Miss Frances Heron, Miss G. Clark Jones, Miss Olive Buchanan and Miss Mary Campbell, who were of last year's bridal group.

Mrs. Mulock gave a bridge matinee on Thursday of last week with a few extra guests for tea after the game. The hostess looked very handsome in a turquoise voile gown trimmed with white lace and touches of turquoise velvet, and the cosy home was a very pleasant place on that cold winter afternoon. The prize winners included Miss Rutherford, Miss Maule, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Schoenberger, Miss Freeland, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Magann and Mrs. Gwyn Francis. Among the guests were Lady Mulock, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn,

Mrs. Victor Williams, Miss Casault of Quebec, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Farrell of Winnipeg, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Gus Burritt, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Rosamond Boulton, Mrs. Vere Brown, Mrs. Harry Greene, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mrs. Gordon Oster, Miss Ramsay, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. Charlie Temple.

Mrs. John Macbeth gave a luncheon at the Ladies' Club on Tuesday, at which Mrs. Cameron of Winnipeg was guest of honor.

Mrs. Willie Gooderham gave a bridge matinee on Wednesday.

Mrs. Weston Brock gave a bridge matinee yesterday afternoon at her apartment in the St. George.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Gourlay and Mrs. Breckenridge gave a large afternoon tea in honor of Mrs. David Gourlay. Mrs. Gourlay received in a beautiful Chantilly dress over white, and the bride wore a lovely gown of pink with cream lace. Mrs. Breckenridge (née Gourlay) in champagne voile over green silk, and Miss Gourlay in her bridesmaid's gown of white *crepe de Chine*, were also of the reception party. The decorations of the tea-table were pink flowers, and Mrs. Burnett, with the maid-of-honor, Miss Burnett, assisted in the tea-room. Mrs. Burnett wore black relieved with turquoise, and Miss Burnett her dainty violet-tinted maid-of-honor dress.

The Los Angeles *Express* says: "Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Donegan of 1333 Linwood street entertained with a dinner of fourteen covers last evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Phelan of Toronto, Can., who came here recently to attend the marriage of their son, Mr. Harry Warde Phelan, to Miss Stella Donegan. The table was prettily decorated with violets, and cards marking the places were ornamented with sketches of the same flowers. Later in the evening the entire party occupied boxes at the Mason to witness the presentation of *Mother Goose*. Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, who are guests at the Donegan home for several weeks, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary yesterday, and it was in honor of the date the affair was given."

Dividing the Blame.

A little girl in Brooklyn was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited personal encounter with another little girl of her own age. Both combatants showed signs of the encounter.

The mother took her daughter into the house, and talked with her regarding the awfulness of her conduct. "Don't you know such conduct is wrong?" asked the mother. "It was Satan that urged you to fight."

"Well," said the little girl, "maybe he told me to pull her hair, but I thought of kicking her shins all by myself."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

The Game of Suburban Burglary.

THIS little recreation, at present in great favor with those residing in the country, is absorbingly entertaining and entirely safe. To play it there are required only a country house, a householder, his wife, and a family cat. No burglar is necessary. The game is played at night, and begins with the upsetting of an umbrella-stand by the cat. The householder's wife sits up. If the bed squeaks, it counts five points in favor of the burglar. The burglar receives three points in addition for each oath of the householder.

The householder rises and seizes his revolver. If the revolver is loaded, the householder counts ten. If he can find his slippers, he counts fifteen. He descends the front stairs, gripping the banisters tightly. (It is for this reason that he is termed the "householder.") Five points are added to the burglar's score for every time the householder sneezes; but if the latter reaches the foot of the stairs without falling, he is entitled to ten. If he sets off a burglar alarm, twenty points for the burglar; if he steps upon a tack, thirty. He is counted fifty points, however, for each tack he does not step upon, and some players allow him sixty.

For the best playing of the game there should be hazards, as in golf. The best hazards are made by rocking chairs, lamp-tables, fire-screens, etc. The burglar is credited three points for each hazard encountered; the householder scores four points for each two feet of clear space he can find. The householder should carry a pad and pencil and keep his own score; or the wife can do it upstairs, if she listens closely. To carry a lamp is, of course, a foul, and gives the game to the burglar.

There are many variations to this game. There may be several householders or several burglars. The burglar side is handicapped twenty points for each extra man; the householders, on the other hand, are credited fifty points to each extra man they take on. The reason for this is that the extra men generally serve as burglars before the game is over.

Another variation of this game may be played if there be a stable, one or more horses, and a hired boy. This is especially a game for winter nights. The hired boy leaves the stable-door open, and the horses disport themselves upon the front piazza of the house.—*Collier's*.

A thing of duty is a bore forever. His Washwoman's son (re a missing shirt)—Please, sir, mum sez 'lad's bin 'rested fer drunk 'n disorderly 'n hittin' a plectecman, an' if you want yer shirt you'll have to bail it out.

William (alias Bill)—I believe poor Wheelan underwent a painful and dangerous operation in the hospital. James (alias Jim)—Alas! yes. They cut off his whisky.

The Rising in Poland.

It is the misfortune of an autocracy which governs unwilling subjects that a disaster abroad always suggests the fear of a rising at home. Ever since Japan's war with Russia began we have heard rumors that Poland was on the eve of revolt. But revolutions cannot be made without the munitions of war, and though the Poles have cherished a wild dream of freedom ever since their cynical partition in the eighteenth century, nothing is less likely than a triumphant insurrection.

If it be true that that country is happy which has no history, then is Poland the most miserable country in Europe. For her history is but a long romance of lost endeavors and ineffectual heroes. In the sixteenth century she was one of the Great Powers. Under the house of Jagellon she governed a vast territory, and included within her borders much that had once been part of Russia, and which was destined before long to become Russian again. But in 1573 she ensured her own ultimate ruin by making the crown elective, not hereditary. Henceforth the best energies of the country were wasted in the idle choice of a sovereign and in the civil wars which this choice necessitated. The King, the mere puppet of the nobles, lost his power with his independence, while the people sacrificed whatever liberty had once been theirs.

All the power was concentrated in the nobles, who were too busy in controlling the succession to protect their country against invasion. Now and again a hero like Sobieski rekindled the patriotism of the Poles, but their existence as a great nation was finished, and by a series of partitions their territory was divided among Russia, Austria and Prussia. But even after the partition Russian Poland preserved some sort of independence until in 1825 the Emperor Nicholas took away her constitution, and since then she has been but a vassal of the Empire of the Czar.

However, loyal to her past, she did not submit tamely to the knout of the conqueror. Twice—in 1831 and 1863—she made ineffectual attempts to regain her liberty, but the odds against her were always too strong, and too strong the odds remain to-day. Strikes there way be in Warsaw and other towns. The hopeless indignation which must ever smoulder in the heart of a conquered people will blaze out in isolated acts of violence, or in eloquent and helpless protests against the oppression of the bureaucracy. But two things are necessary to a practical revolution—arms and unanimity. And Poland has neither. In spite of the fearless enthusiasm which ran through Russian Poland in 1863, the insurgents soon discovered that they could neither procure sufficient arms nor agree upon a leader. The utmost they could achieve was to embarrass their rulers, and though the task of embarrassment is far easier now than then, we doubt whether the aspirations of the Poles have any better chance of realization. Imagine for a moment the vast difficulty of their enterprise.


Poland is a victim not of one empire, but of three. If she attempted to make her proud dream of unification come true, she would arouse the anger of Germany and Austria as well as of Russia, and she would be smashed like a nut in the nut-crackers. Nor would the Russian Poles fare much better if they isolated themselves from their compatriots and took advantage of the war with Japan. Even if they were able to revolt, which we believe impossible, they would only exchange one harsh ruler for another.

The German Emperor would not permit a free nation to exist so near his own borders and to be a perpetual menace to the security of the Poland over which he himself rules. Nor, in truth, is Prussian Poland so tranquil that William II. can run the risk of disaffection. For forbidding the Polish nobles from owning land in their own country he has completely alienated them, and less than three years ago the Empress' own brother publicly denounced the Imperial policy in Poland. If, then, the Russian Poles were to throw off the yoke by a happy combination of circumstances, they would have but a small chance of keeping their liberty; they would merely escape the harsh government of the Czar to fall under the pedantic dominion of the German Emperor.

But had the Czar remained true to his earlier impulses, he need never have feared a rebellion in Poland. There was a time, some eight years ago, when he was received in Warsaw, with acclamation. Not merely did he dare to ride through the streets of the Polish capital, as though he were a free man, but he initiated reforms, and plainly showed that he was determined that his Polish subjects should live their lives as citizens and not as slaves. He abolished the hated land tax, he permitted the Polish language to be used in the schools, and in spite of M. Pobiedonostzeff, he allowed the Roman Catholics to practice their religion untrammelled. Had this benign system of government continued, the Poles would have had no wish to rebel. But presently the party of "thorough" had its way, and it is unlikely that Nicholas II. will ever again drive through the streets of Warsaw, protected and acclaimed by his faithful subjects.

Thus in Warsaw, as since in St. Petersburg, he threw away his chance, and by fear or inaction sacrificed the popularity which is the best safeguard to a throne. The Poles, cheated of their hopes, are once more eager to snap the ties which bind them to Russia. But how shall they achieve success? As we have said, they have not the munitions of war, which are indispensable to rebellion, nor have they the union, which alone could strengthen their feeble arms. And there are other reasons why they will in all probability continue to bow the knee to Russia. Nowadays the chance of a triumphant revolt is almost hopeless. In the first place the efficiency of modern weapons has established the power of an autocrat as upon a rock. It is idle for men, hungry and unarmed, to run upon artillery, and the Poles of today have not even so good a chance as the Poles of 1863 of meeting their masters on equal terms.

In the second place, broad streets and open spaces have put barricades, the best



BOVRIL

Any experienced chef will tell you, good cooking only needs the addition of BOVRIL to make it the best. It is invaluable in the preparation of

**Soups
Sauces
and Gravies**

to which it gives a richness, strength and flavour peculiarly its own.

When next making Soup or Gravy, add a spoonful of BOVRIL and note the difference.

**THE NEW
SUNSET EXPRESS**

Leaves NEW ORLEANS Daily
at 11.55 a. m.

Runs through to San Francisco

Equipment the Finest

Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers, Tourist Sleepers, Combination Library, Buffet and Observation Cars, Dining Cars, Chair Cars and Oil-Burning Locomotives

No Smoke, No Dust, No Cinders.

Try the "OPEN WINDOW ROUTE" It's the best

T. J. ANDERSON, General Passenger Agent.
JOS. HELLEN, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent.
HOUSTON, Texas.

J. O. GOODSELL, Traveling Pass. Agent, Room 14 James Bldg., Toronto.

Important Points Reached by



This Popular Line

With through car service, magnificent equipment and fast time.

St. Paul and Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Hot Springs, Ark., Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Texas and all Mexico and all California.

"Low Rates to California in March and April."

Abnormal low rates to certain places every first and third Tuesdays in the month. Round trips, all first-class, daily to California, all Southern Points and Southwest. Hot Springs, Ark., reached from Chicago in through sleeper daily in 21 hours. California is just as cheap via New Orleans as by any other route, and you avoid high altitude and cold weather. Write the undersigned for particulars.

G. B. WYLLIE, Canadian Pas. Agt., 210 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y.

resource of the old revolutionaries, out of the question. The modern rebel must work underground and rely upon explosives, and with their aid he can but remove one tyrant, who is instantly replaced by another. There is, then, only one chance of Poland's disgust expressing itself otherwise than in strikes and helpless demonstrations: if she won the sympathy of the army, or seduced even a few regiments from their allegiance, she might again elect her own King. But the army is not likely to transfer its fidelity, and once more the hapless "race of heroes" will settle down quietly under the yoke of Russia, and once more, dreaming of its ancient freedom, will bear with patient regret the insolence of the Grand Dukes.

Where Convicts Gamble.

"A few weeks ago, while sojourning in Carson City, the capital of Nevada, I witnessed a scene that struck me as exceedingly curious, and which probably was never duplicated anywhere in this country," said T. B. Gardiner of Chicago.

"A friend of mine who was on good terms with the warden of the State penitentiary took me to that institution on a Sunday afternoon, and there I saw all the convicts, numbering several hundred, assembled in the long dining-room of the structure playing poker, seven-up, monte, faro and nearly all the gambling games known to western sports. Don't think for a minute that these men were merely playing for fun; they were betting chips which stood for sure-though money, and the play was just as serious and as much on the level as though it were taking place in a regular gambling establishment.

"This gambling, my friend told me, was never allowed on any other day but Sunday, the idea being that as the State laws licensed it, there was no valid objection to the inmates of the prison engaging therein. Every convict was issued checks showing how much cash there was to his credit, and if he chose to lose these checks representing the money at cards, it was his own affair. While the men played, which they did with all the fervor of free gamblers, a couple of guards sat watching them with loaded Winchester in their laps, ready to put down the slightest outbreak or least indication of disorder with a form of argument that scarcely ever fails to persuade.



OUR SKIN FOOD

It is not a Skin Food in name only, but contains skin nourishing ingredients that are seldom found in any other than the

Princess Skin Food

which makes a dry, wrinkled, old-looking complexion fresh and youthful. "The best on earth," is what a well-known Canadian woman says about our Skin Food. Price 5c, in post paid any where. Mail or telephone orders promptly filled.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., eradicated forever by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Send, call or phone N. 1666 for books.

Graham Dermatological Institute
Dept. H, 502 Church St.
Toronto.

IMPORTANT

Write for New Price List of
Call for Magazines, club rates
Phone for special offers, etc.

JUST OUT

ERNEST H. LAWSON
Magazine Specialist
444 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto. Phone M. 4899

The fellow whose courtship drives him to bankruptcy has no business wondering why marriage is a failure.

Head-ache

Most headaches are caused by the liver. This vital organ becomes torpid. No bile is excreted, bringing Constipation. This affects both stomach and kidneys. And they in turn, bring the headaches from which so many people suffer.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

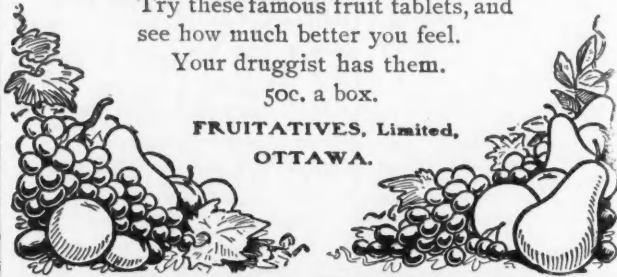
make dull, aching heads as clear as a bell. They act as a tonic on the liver—increase the flow of bile—cure Constipation—prevent Indigestion and Dyspepsia—and keep the kidneys strong and well.

Try these famous fruit tablets, and see how much better you feel.

Your druggist has them.

50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited,
OTTAWA.



Jenkins' Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
422-424 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Montreal. London, Eng.



In evening dress or in business clothes the "apparel of the man." A stylish, neat and well-groomed appearance spells success.

A wrinkled, frowsy, slovenly look spells failure. We will spell the former for you for a small monthly charge.

Fountain, "My Valet" Cleaner and Reparer of Clothes
30-32 Adelaide Street West Telephone M. 3074

Oriental Rugs in the houses of Canada.

With the growth of the country and increase in wealth of the population, Canada is fast becoming a land of fine homes, and that the tastes of the people are inclined in the right direction—as regards furnishing for comfort as well as for style—is evidenced by the great demand for Turkish rugs. Of course, all rugs are not really Turkish that are called by that name; but those who can afford the genuine article will have nothing else but those of Oriental manufacture and even people of moderate means who have good taste would rather have one genuine Turkish or Persian rug than half-a-dozen of the imitation kind. That the real thing in this line is appreciated, can best be understood when we remember the fact that there is in Toronto a firm whose business is devoted exclusively to Oriental rugs and draperies, etc., of Turkish and Persian manufacture—namely, Courian, Babayan & Co.—and it is learned from Mr. Babayan, the well-known member of this firm, who has justly earned the esteem and confidence of the art-loving people throughout Canada, that the demand for their class of goods is steadily on the increase. In their magnificent Oriental show-rooms at 40 King street east are to be found some of the finest specimens of the Persian rug-weaver's art ever exhibited in this country, as well as many beautiful lines of Eastern portieres and draperies—Persian, Royal Bokhara, Kazah, Anatolian, Kirmanshah, Serabend rugs, Damascus and Indian art furniture. There is much of interest in this unique establishment, to repay a visit from any lover of things artistic. In addition to the rugs and draperies, the rooms contain many odd and beautiful articles in brassware from Damascus and East India—tea-trays, tabourets, vases and ornaments. It should be

noted that Courian, Babayan & Co. are the only firm in Canada who make a specialty of goods such as we have mentioned. They have their own representative constantly in Constantinople, selecting goods for the delectation of Toronto buyers, and by their straightforward and up-to-date business methods they have won the confidence of all who have had occasion to consult them in furnishing their homes. A special sale is to be held by Messrs. Courian, Babayan & Co. next week, starting Tuesday, February 21. This sale will be conducted by Charles M. Henderson, the well-known Toronto auctioneer, and should prove a golden opportunity for those who appreciate such goods, to obtain beautiful Persian and Turkish rugs at exceptionally low prices.

Accepted the Invitation.

In response to earnest solicitations from her husband to be kind to a military officer to whom he had taken a fancy, a western woman sent out an invitation and received an acceptance. We clip it from the *Youth's Companion*: She dispatched a note, in which she said: "Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at supper on Wednesday evening."

She received a prompt and joyful reply, which read: "With the exception of the men who have other engagements, Captain White's company will come with pleasure."

A gold brick is pretty good evidence of gilt.

Misery loves company, but the company doesn't always reciprocate.

We have all heard of wolves in sheep's clothing, but the wolf at the door generally comes disguised as a b. collector.

Windsor Salt

used in homes all over Canada where purity is appreciated. It will not cake.



AN EMERGENCY EXIT.

Russian Bear—I'm cutting rather a poor figure in this competition. I think I shall get outside on to the dangerous part, and then they'll have to rescue me. . . . I should rather like to be rescued. —Punch.

The Women of India.

In the first place, it is necessary to state that the conception of a family among the Hindus is different from that of the Western peoples. Hindu society is built up on a joint-family system. Father, sons, uncles, brothers live together, work for the family, bring the earnings to the family chest, and thus the individual interest is drowned in that of the family. It is in such a circle that we find our women, and there is very little room for them to crave independence. Our Holy Scriptures have laid down that a woman is unfit for independence. The whole atmosphere of our society is permeated with this notion, and it is by this teaching that our women abide. The first and the foremost lesson constantly poured into her mind is that she should be a person of renunciation and not of action. Her whole life is one chapter of sacrifice of self, merger of her selfish interests in that of higher ones. The sole end and aim of her life consists in ministering to the wants of her husband, whom she is taught to regard as her deity. This is the keystone of Hindu society. Among the higher classes women live in seclusion. They never come out except fully veiled. It is a custom, however, that is not indigenous to the Indian soil. It was borrowed from the Moham-medans. Hence, wherever the Mohammedan influence was pressingly felt, and wherever that power was paramount, that custom struck deep roots into the soil, but not elsewhere. So, Northern India, which was long subject to the Mohammedan sway, accommodated itself to the prevailing practice of the conquerors, but Southern India did not.

The next point is the education of our women. If by education is meant mere literary education, then, certainly, our women are wanting in that. We are reproached justly for this; but to taunt and scoff at our neglect, as some do, is uncalled for and provoking, and at the same time reveals a lack of historical knowledge. Various causes are at the bottom of this so-called neglect of ours. To dilate on this means to occupy a large portion of this article, but it is necessary to dwell on these causes at length to dispel misconceptions and hazy notions. When we look back into our past history and read our classical literature, teeming with beautiful pictures of womanhood, and compare them with the present condition of our women, our hearts sink within us, but our hearts bristle with hope that we can elevate our women in the social scale under Pax Britannica. Fortunately, though our women are wanting in literary education, they are not wanting in that moral fibre, which characterized our ancient women. In ancient days our women were well educated and free as air. That which arrested the rolling ball of progress is not due to any innate weakness in the constitution of society, but to chronic disorder and insecurity, occasioned by never-ending foreign invasions. Unfortunately for India, it has been a coveted object of conquest for foreigners. Streams of invasions by barbarous hordes devastated the rich plains of India, converted the smiling land into a dreary waste, toppled down magnificent temples, whose ruins even to this day excite awe and admiration at the high state of architectural skill the Hindus had attained, carried off women and children as slaves and drove people into mountain fastnesses and marshy plains, where denizens of the forest offered them a better and a more cordial welcome than the savage invaders did. Chaos reigned supreme. When anarchy and insecurity danced in savage glee,

where, then, was the scope for intellectual development?

The Indian woman whose far-famed beauty, which, as the conquerors themselves confessed, could mollify the savage breast was eagerly sought for. But in her they found one who was more than a match for them. To her, virtue was more than anything else. So, whenever a danger threatened her person, she imolated herself on the funeral pyre rather than suffer defilement of her temple of virtue at the hands of the profane. Disorder was eating out the vital parts of the society. To add to the miseries under which India was groaning, there appeared on the scene the Mohammedan conquerors, fired with the zeal for the propagation of Islam. "Enlist under the banner of the Crescent or bow your neck to the fall of the sword," was their watchword. Many died for the sacred cause. Like Latimer and Bruno, who suffered for conscience' sake, martyrs we count in myriads. Even the remains of nationality that were lingering were sapped out, and well-nigh the knell of the Indian nation was tolled. By the Divine Providence the English came to the rescue of India, to relieve it from the throes of agony, misrule and persecution. The Indian snake that was scathed but never killed, is gradually recovering its position under the revivifying influence of the benign English rule. Though this is a digression, yet it is one necessary for the correct and clear understanding of the present state of Hindu society.

Moreover, education was, and even is, to a great extent a monopoly of the Brahmins. It is with a jealous eye that they guarded it as a proud heritage against encroachments from without. But now it is no longer confined to the privileged few. Nevertheless, the mass remains uneducated and looks for light and guidance to the chosen few.

To return to the subject, a girl from her fifth year begins to receive lessons in cookery and domestic economy at the hearth and at her mother's feet. She imbibes the same ideas and prejudices as those of her mother and female associates. This is also her school for moral and religious instruction. Women beguile their time and entertain each other by narrating stories from two Indian epics—the rich storehouse of the moral and religious code. They are never tired of hearing the self-same tale. Beautiful pictures of *beau ideals* are portrayed therein. Our girls burn incense before that altar of those patterns of virtue and invoke their blessings to lead them "along the cool, sequestered vale of life," to endow them with such fortitude as they themselves displayed in times of danger whenever occasion requires. In their heart of hearts a silent prayer rises up to the sky to bless them with a blithesome progeny and a spotless existence. The *ornumens* of the Hindu *jo* *Asopou* is caste in the puritanic mould; but newer with hatred of other sects or creeds. Her charitable hand extends to all. To the deaf, dumb, and others, her hospitable door is always open. She is a prey to superstition, and a tool in the hands of the sacerdotal class and the medicine man. Hierarchy has been holding a long continuous sway in India, undreamed of nowadays among other nations. Even the authority of the viceroy of Christ from the Vatican is not so potent as that of the Indian priest. Infant marriages are very common. By the time she attains her fifteenth year the matrimonial pleasures of the Indian girl are soon followed by the cares of maternity. A tide

of change of opinion is passing through Indian society. Attempts are being made for the re-marriage of widows, to fix the minimum age for marriage. Our girls prefer an educated man for husband to an opulent one. At his feet they seek instruction and guidance. The cry against the education of girls is fast dying out. Many girls' schools are opened, and many send in their daughters, no more afraid of that conventional shame which was talked of so much a generation ago. This educational career is soon cut off on their being married, which invariably takes place in the tenth year. Women, as a rule, are held in high esteem. Even the most abandoned villain makes room for a woman when she chances to pass by. Some have depicted the position of a woman among us to be no better than that of a slave. But this is a mistake due to superficial observation through the medium of colored glasses of prejudice.

Concisely, I have given a skeleton view of the social life of our women. This is meagre. But space forbids me to attempt more. There are some who want a wholesale transplantation of the Western ideals into our system. And there are others, who see nothing good in the present and advocate a return to the pristine purity of days of yore, so graphically described in our epics. I belong neither to that class of enthusiastic optimists nor to that of forlorn pessimists. I follow the golden mean; that is, marriage of what is best in the Western ideal with what is best in the Eastern. I believe also that the law of the universe is progress. But this progress is to be sought after on steadier and surer and slower grounds. Hindu society passed through many vicissitudes of misfortunes. It suffered from many earthquakes, which shook it to its very foundations. Sometimes, India flamed like a volcano; at other times, it appeared a moribund carcass. Many times the gigantic banyan was lopped off its mighty branches. The blow was oft struck at the bottom of the trunk; but no amount of death-dealing strokes could pull up the roots, for they had sunk deep in the earth. On this ground work I wish progress to be made. The very fact of its having survived so many shocks speaks volumes in favor of its solidarity and durability. Women are, as a rule, conservative. No woman on earth is more conservative than the Indian. She clings with dogged tenacity to the ancient customs, and watches, argus-eyed, against the slightest innovations. Even the ardor of the most radical reformer is damped by the persuasive appeal of his better half, for love and emotion are sure to succeed. As I began, so I will end. The Indian woman is taught to be a person of renunciation—a center of order—a mirror of beauty, and a solace of distress. She rules right royally within her own sphere.

B. V. SAMANNA

Madras, India.

Self-pity is the consolation of married men.

The fires of ambition should result in more hot stuff.

It is just as well not to borrow more than you need.

No man is a bore who talks to you about yourself.

The trouble with some people is that they believe one good turn deserves a better one.

Two men may stand on an equal footing, but it isn't long before one is pulling the other's leg.

Life may be full of wormwood and gall, but we look in vain for the wormwood in a lot of people.



TRADE MARK

Correct dressers have proper style.

Health seekers have perfect protection.

Economical buyers have long wear in

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS



600 Collaborators. Cost About \$750,000. 12 Volumes—two Large Quarto Pages in each. 2000 Illustrations including many beautiful colored plates.

The Jewish Encyclopedia

IF YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN PREACHER OR STUDENT

you require this work in your library.

Remember, there are no Bible Dictionaries covering the same field in the same way as this Jewish Encyclopedia. It gives in English the authoritative Jewish view-point on all Bible subjects and in many ways Christian interpretations of the Scriptures will be made clearer through the hundreds of scholarly essays, the materials for which have been drawn directly from the Talmud, the Midrashim, and the hundreds of works of the great Jewish masters of Spain, Italy, Germany and the Orient, from Saadia (9th century, earlier) down to the most recent books written on this subject by the Russian scholars at present residing in the various great Jewish settlements throughout our country.

Christian Advocate, New York: "Of price, low value to the Christian theologian and preacher who finds here together for the first time the results of researches which otherwise would be inaccessible."

Vols. I-IX. Now Ready

Reduced Price to Advance Subscribers Easy Payment Terms

SIGN AND MAIL THIS BLANK For Beautiful Illustrated Brochure and Full Particulars

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44-50 East 23d St., New York.

Please send me Free Brochure and Special Easy-Payment Price of The Jewish Encyclopedia, as advertised in TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____

Every Modern Kitchen

has its jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Hot water and 1/4 teaspoonful of Armour's Extract make a delightful cup of bouillon. "Left-Overs" of meats, game and vegetables are made into tempting dishes, if a small quantity of Armour's Beef Extract is used in preparing them. Our Cook book tells you how. Send for it.

Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO.

Anecdotal

A story is told of a high Anglo-Indian officer who was in the habit of soundly thrashing his servants when they displeased him. One day he ordered a servant to go to a summer-house in the compound and wait for him there. Presently turning up with a heavy horse-whip, he thus addressed the offender: "Now, you scoundrel, I've got you in a place where no one can hear, and I'll thrash you within an inch of your life." The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed, native-like. "Sah, you sure no one can hear?" "Yes, you scoundrel, I've brought you here on purpose." "Then, sah, I think I thrash you." And he did it so thoroughly that his master was not visible for a week.

John la Farge, the painter, talked in New York at the Arts Club of the wit of beggars. "Beggars need to be witty," he said. "They live by their wits, you know. It isn't strange that they should be quicker than the solid and respectable business man in repartee. A solid and respectable business man was hurrying along Broadway the other night when a beggar accosted him. The night was cold and very raw. A strong wet wind was blowing from the sea. Now a few snowflakes fell. Now there fell a few heavy and cold drops of rain. The beggar was shivering. He had on no overcoat and no gloves. His hands and wrists stuck out of his tight, short coat-sleeves, red and stiff and cold-looking. His cheeks were hollow. 'Can you give me a little help, sir?' he said. The business man took a dime from his pocket. 'Look here,' he said, 'if I give you this dime, you won't get drunk on it, will you?' 'Oh, no, sir,' said the beggar. 'I shall go at once and dine at the St. Regis.'"

A good sort of trolley conductor, who has ears for other things besides the bell, vouches for this story: A woman boarded his car at the cemetery the other day shaking with sobs. She had not been in the car long when two women took seats opposite her. One of them seemed to recognize the woman from the cemetery, hesitated for a moment, then crossed the aisle and spoke to her. The sobbing one looked up and the identification was complete. "Why, Mary," said the woman who had crossed the aisle, "where have you been for so long and what is the matter?" "I have been married," came the sob-broken answer, "and I'm just after cremating my husband." Condolences were offered and the widow soon afterwards left the car, apparently cheered, while her friend returned to the seat beside her companion, and told all that Mary had unbosomed to her. "And she's got husbands to burn," remarked the companion enviously, "while I'm still single."

"Hall Caine, the last time he was in Philadelphia, spent the evening with me at the University Club," said a Philadelphia journalist. "His conversation was very brilliant. It was very striking. Hall Caine said that we could learn a lesson from the very lowliest. He said a hush could learn a lesson from a convict. On that point he told me a true story. A hush, riding in his carriage on the Isle of Man, came to a convict in his striped clothes, breaking stones on the road. The hush talked to the convict a little while, giving him some advice and encouragement. Then, as he got ready to drive on, he said with a smile and a sigh: 'Ah, my man, I wish I could break up the stony hearts of my people as you break these rocks on the highway.' From his lowly attitude the convict looked up at the proud hush in his magnificent equipage. 'Perhaps, sir,' he said, 'you don't work on your knees.'"

The Book Shop.

ART GOODS

We have a very choice line of high-class works of art which would adorn the walls of any drawing-room. These are reproductions of some of the best masters. Inspection invited.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
7 and 9 King St. E., Toronto

Ideas for Stories.

A MONG weird fiction there are few novels to compete with *The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and the story of its inception is almost as strange as the work itself.

Stevenson, it appears, had dealings with a man named Samuel Creggan, and did not like him. "He's a man who trades on the Samuel," averred the novelist. "He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face; but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial."

This was what gave Stevenson the first idea for the dual personality of *Jekyll and Hyde*, but he did not begin to write.

One night, however, Mrs. Stevenson was awakened by cries of horror from her husband, and thinking that he had a nightmare, aroused him. He was quite angry.

"Why did you wake me?" he asked. "I was dreaming a fine bogey tale." He got up at once and began writing in a sort of fever. His biographer, Mr. Osborne, says that it is doubtful whether the first draft took him so long as three days.

Treasure Island, by the same author, had a beginning almost equally strange.

One day Robert Louis Stevenson was playing with a box of water-colors belonging to his stepson, and idly drew and colored a map of an imaginary island. To quote his own words:

"It was elaborately, and I thought, beautifully colored: the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets, and with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed it 'Treasure Island.' . . . The next thing I knew, I had some paper before me and was writing out a list of chapters."

The upshot was that for the next fifteen days Stevenson wrote like one possessed, turning out a chapter a day. Then he lost hold, and it was weeks before the inspiration came again, but when it did *Treasure Island* flowed from him "like small talk" and ran serially in a children's paper.

To go back a good many years, stories attach to almost every one of Charles Dickens' novels.

Soon after the *Pickwick Papers* had made their amazing success, Dickens happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank, and there was shown some drawings of the career of a London thief.

Among these was a sketch of Fagin's Den, and a picture of Bill Sikes. Dickens was at the time engaged upon the idea of a workhouse story, and the result of this chance visit was *Oliver Twist*, as it was soon afterward published.

As for *Nicholas Nickleby*, there does not seem much doubt but that the great novelist conceived the idea of *Dorothy's Hall* from the advertisement of Mr. Simpson's academy, Woden Croft Lodge, Yorkshire, which he saw in an old copy of the *Times*.

The famous *Captain Kettle*, the most popular creation of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyme, was originally a character in a comparatively little-known story by the tall Yorkshireman.

Mr. Hyme, who, at the time, had himself hardly got his foot on the ladder of fame, took the story to a well-known London editor and publisher. After criticizing the yarn in rather merciless fashion, the editor said:

"All the same the little sea-captain is your best character, and you ought to be able to do something with him. Why not make him the hero of a series of short stories?"

That it was good advice, the enormous popularity of the series as it ran in *Pearson's Magazine*, and the constant calls for "more" have proved most amply.

Another most popular hero of fiction, *Sherlock Holmes*, made his appearance in a similar fashion. As a character in *A Study in Scarlet*, he aroused so great popular interest that he became the hero of the long series of adventures so familiar to most of us.

Sir Conan Doyle says that the original idea of *Sherlock Holmes* came to him in 1886. He had been reading some detective stories which disgusted him, because the authors always depended for their climax on some coincidence and never on the unaided deductions of the detective's own mind.

He adds that his old professor at Edinburgh was in a way the original of *Holmes*, for it was his habit to work out effect from cause just as logically as he would have diagnosed a disease.

The dramatization of *Sherlock Holmes* was suggested to Mr. Gillette in a rather curious fashion. Picking up one day an old copy of a New York yellow journal, he read in it an interview with Dr. Conan Doyle, in which the idea of making *Sherlock Holmes* the hero of a play was mooted.

As a matter of fact, this interview was a "fake"—it had never taken place at all. But it gave Mr. Gillette an idea, and when Mr. Frohman asked him for a play he remembered the imaginary interview and set to work on *Sherlock Holmes*.

Mr. Fergus Hume has told the story of how he came to write *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. He was in Melbourne at the time, and in financial straits, for he had entirely failed to dispose of a play to which he had given much time.

He thought he might do better with a book, but the question was "what sort of book?" After some consideration he went to the leading Melbourne librarian, and asked this question: "What books do you find sell best?"

"Detective stories," was the prompt reply, "especially those of Gaboriau." Mr. Hume had not then read any Gaboriau, but he wasted no time in repairing the omission, and bought a complete edition of his works.

The result was the story which made his reputation and the seventy novels which have succeeded it. Fergus Hume, it may be mentioned, is credited with being able to write a 60,000 word book in a week.

Sorrow and pain have been directly the production of more than one popular book. It was grief for the loss of a dear



Wayback—Sure, Murphy's nothin' short uv a dhirty loir. He told me he lived at number noine, an' Oi see there's no noine.

friend that caused Mrs. L. T. Meade to write at the age of seventeen her first book, *Ashton Morton*. In it she attempted to pay a tribute to the memory of this friend.

Helen Mathers again penned *Honey*, one of her three most popular books, chiefly to relieve the long-drawn pain resulting from a bad accident.

The two entirely different endings of Kipling's *The Light that Failed*, have caused that book to be much discussed. In the first he married the blind hero to his selfish sweetheart, but in the second the poor fellow was jilted, and went to his death in the Sudan.

This is given as the reason of the alteration: Not long after the first appearance of the novel, Kipling was in a train, and there got in a blind man and his wife. The man looked miserably ill and his temper was absolutely raw.

For an hour or more the author watched the woman bear all his murmurs and complaints with unflinching tenderness. She kept soothing and cheering him, and though at times he repulsed her with positive brutality, her temper was never ruffled for a moment.

That same night Kipling announced to some friends that he had made a great mistake. Such a savage egotist as Maisie could not possibly resign herself to the companionship of a blind man. He at once sat down and rewrote the last four chapters of his book—*Pearson's Weekly*.

A Ride in an Automobile.

Oh, others may talk of the joys of the dance

When the music is dreamy and low,

Or the thrill of delight when the soil is unfurled

And the wake is a smother of sugar;

Or the pleasure a canter on horseback affords,

Or a day with the rod and the reel;

But give me the reach of a long level road,

And a seat in an automobile!

How the miles rush away from the tireless machine

How houses and fences fly past!

The town is a blur, and the orchards and woods

In ribbons of green follow fast.

It's adieu to the carriage! we meet as we go,

And farewell to the swift-moving wheel,

And good-bye to the trolley we soon overtake

When out in an automobile.

If perchance it is springtime, we lunch as we rest

On a bed of blue violets sweet,

With a thrush or a robin to thrill overhead

A silvery song while we eat

We linger a while under blossomy boughs,

An amful of fragrance to steal

From apple trees freighted with dewy pink buds,

Then away in the automobile.

Should somebody dear on the seat nestle near,

Then slackens the speed of the car,

Gliding slowly along in the amethyst dusk

By the light of the bright evening star,

There's a question to ask, and an answer to hear,

And a promise with kisses to seal,

And later the bliss of a honeymoon tour

For the pair in the automobile.

—Minnie Irving, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

Dr. Johnson's Jottings.

Music excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own. Difficult do you call it, sir? (playing the violin). I wish it were impossible!

I would rather see the portrait of a dog that I know than all the allegorical paintings they can show me in the world.

One cannot love lumps of flesh, and little infants are nothing more.

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel.

Sir, if you mean nothing, say nothing. Never mind whether they praise or abuse you, anything is tolerable except oblivion.

A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek.

A Defence of Stoessel.

SHALL require a good deal more evidence than we at present have before I believe that General Stoessel, far from being the hero that had been supposed, is a fraud, and that when it was surrendered Port Arthur might easily have held out much longer. This, however, we are asked to believe by the correspondents of some of our newspapers, who either were with the Japanese during the siege or enjoying themselves somewhere else and telegraphing home the gossip of the market-place.

The siege lasted about nine months, although many military men thought that it could not last half that time. The besiegers vastly outnumbered the besieged. The attacks were desperate and were repulsed. Certainly more than half the garrison were by the end of the time either killed or severely wounded or were down with fever. Those who could still fight were exhausted with fatigue, many were ill, and many were wounded. The ammunition for the big guns had given out. Two or three of the outer forts had been taken, notwithstanding a desperate resistance. They absolutely commanded the town and the harbor. Bombs were falling in the hospitals, and there were neither medicines nor bandages.

If we are to believe Stoessel, and there seems no reason why we should not, the occupation of the captured forts by the Japanese rendered the defence of the inner line of forts a military impossibility. Under these circumstances further resistance could only be prolonged for a few days, and had the place been taken by assault there would have been a general massacre. Stoessel, therefore, called his generals together, and told them that the moment had come when there was nothing left except to capitulate. He himself actually proposed it, say the correspondents, and officers and soldiers were all against it. Who was to propose it, if not he? There is no evidence that either soldiers or officers were against it; indeed, one of the correspondents implies that not only Stoessel but the entire garrison, were very far from being brave men. The fortress was asked to believe, might have held out for months longer under a resolute commander—I suppose that they mean one of themselves. This is not the opinion of General Nogi, the brave commander of the besiegers.

I suppose that these gentlemen want to send home something sensational, and they imagine that they are doing so in this attack upon Stoessel and his soldiers. For my part, I shall continue to admire Stoessel and his garrison. One of the few correspondents who have really scored during this war is the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who accompanied the Cossacks in their recent raid, and who telegraphed a graphic account of what happened. As for the correspondents who appear after the event, and favor us with twaddling—and in this case mendacious—gossip, they might as well be walking about in Fleet street for all the light that they throw upon what goes on—*Labouchere* in London Truth.

Noisy London.

London claims to be the noisiest city in the world. Forty years ago the din of the metropolis was so great that a number of distinguished Britons, headed by Charles Dickens, addressed a memorial to Parliament on the subject. The *St. James' Gazette* has examined the following curious letter, written by Dickens, and addressed to Michael Bass, member of Parliament. Among those who signed the letter were Tenyson, Carlyle, Millais, Holman Hunt, John Leach, Thomas Creswick and Wilkie Collins: "Your correspondents are professors and practitioners of one or other of the arts and sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied and driven nearly mad by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles and bellows of ballads; for no sooner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off.

"OLD MULL" Scotch

Accommodate is a Good Word.

RICHARD BENTLEY was the most learned of England's scholars. He was so successful in correcting corrupt texts in the ancient classics that he resolved to perform the same office for "Paradise Lost." One of the lines he proposed to alter was that beautiful one in the description of Hell—

"No light, but only darkness visible."

Bentley thought this was wrong. The poet should have said:

"No light, but only a transpicuous gloom!"

There abound in all walks of life men like Bentley who refuse to express themselves in simple language. They clothe their most ordinary thoughts in ten-syllabled words and roll them out in sweeping periods. Sometimes it is a lawyer at the bar who startles a witness and confounds a jury with an array of unintelligible terms. Or it may be a preacher whose resounding words strike more terror to the souls of his congregation than the spiritual threats embodied in them. With the doctors the thing is a tradition. The long Latin and Greek words they use to describe simple ailments are vulgarly supposed to be their principal stock-in-trade.

Why do so many prefer words of foreign origin when good plain Anglo-Saxon terms would answer the purpose? The reason is not far to seek. Nothing impresses the ignorant so much as what they cannot understand. For the untaught a big word has a fascination of mystery about it. It is beyond their ken and to hear it pronounced trippingly on the tongue inspires respect for the man who is learned enough to understand it and bold enough to use it. Hence big words are oftentimes employed by those who know no better way to prove their mental capacity.

The pedant delights in them. He hoards up treasures of quaint and obsolete language and drags them into his conversation on every possible occasion. Pope's

"Bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,"

is always ready to paralyze you with a term you have never heard before.

Probably the study of the dictionary is responsible for a great deal of this. Yet Daniel Webster, who had recourse to his great namesake Noah every day, committing to memory definitions and synonyms, never juggled with difficult words. One may read through his great speeches from exordium to peroration without stumbling over obscure or curious expressions. Dr. Johnson, the first great dictionary-maker, was just the opposite. He dearly loved a long word. As Macaulay puts it: "When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese." The great doctor sometimes showed this tendency in ordinary conversation. Once he remarked of a play: "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Not satisfied with this terse and energetic criticism, he added hastily: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." The same thought dressed in heavier clothing. Goldsmith hit off this mannerism of Johnson's very keenly when he told him: "Doctor, if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them talk like whales."

Sensible people will stick to simple words. Why say a young lady is sebacous when we merely mean that she is stout? A vertiginous cliff is no more impressive than a giddy precipice. When a man speaks of stillicide we suspect him of murder. People are not afraid of home-sickness, but nostalgia fills them with uneasiness. Accommodate is a good word, as Justice Shallow wisely remarked, yet Bardolph, who used it, didn't know what it meant.

These long words are generally in bad taste. Here, as elsewhere, simplicity is the safest course. Good writers eschew terms that require foot-notes. Brilliant talkers also avoid them. They know from experience that learned phrases chill the atmosphere of conversation.

Are Dogs Vain and Cowardly?

Is the dog all that he is made out to be—the faithful, courageous, intelligent "friend of man," that men talk admiringly of, and that ladies "simply adore?"

Mr. Andrew Lang, the essayist, thinks that the dog has more failings than virtues. He cites the case of a handsome collie, far vainer than many a woman, who passes hours together admiring himself in a looking-glass; and of another, a "Dandie" Dimont, which has beautiful large brown eyes, is well aware of the fact, and coaxes food by "making eyes" as well as the most experienced coquette.

Then is the dog brave? Try any dog with a ghost—or with what it thinks to be a ghost—and see how courageous it is!

Mr. Lang does not allow the dog any virtues at all. It makes, he says, the family, with which it dwells its slaves, and it makes the night hideous with its howls.

A man's popularity generally ends when he gets home.

The oftener Cupid hits the mark the more Mrs. he makes.

Man wants but little here below—and that's about all he gets.

The man who boasts that he neither borrows nor lends must lead a very monotonous life.

The rapidity with which some men make money is only equalled by the rapidity with which other men lose it.



HOTEL EMPIRE
1 Broadway and Sixty-third Street
New York City
OVER \$250,000 in improvements.
JUST COMPLETED

ELECTRIC CLOCKS, TELEPHONES AND AUTO-MATIC LIGHTING DEVICES IN EVERY ROOM

Completely Remodeled, Redecorated and Furnished throughout.
One minute to Elevated and Subway Stations.
Take nearest car at any Railroad or Steamboat Terminal, they all pass or transfer to the Empire.
Within easy walking distance of all Theaters and Department Stores.

Restaurant noted for Excellent Cooking, Efficient Service and Moderate Charges

Rooms (with use of bath) \$1.50 per day up
" private " 2.00 per day up
Suites " 3.50 per day up
W. JOHNSON QUINN.

City Dairy

BOTTLED MILK VS. BULK MILK

Given a pure water and milk supply the health of a city is practically ensured. Milk that is measured out of a can with a dipper that alternately catches dust on its wet surface and is rinsed off in the milk cannot be conducive to health.

City dairy bottled milk gives each customer a uniform quality of milk free from disease-laden street dust. 30 pints for \$1.00. 6 pints per quart.

'Phone City Dairy, North 2040.

THE FAST TRAINS

ARE VIA THE
UNION PACIFIC

VIA OMAHA

16 Hours Quicker

to the Pacific Coast than any other line

NO CHANGE OF TRAINS. NO DETOURS

"The Overland Route" all the way

Be sure your Ticket reads over the UNION PACIFIC

INQUIRE AT

J. O. GOODSELL, T.P.A., & F. B. CHOLATE, G.A.,

14 James Building, 26 Woodward Ave., TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.



Cosgrave
SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.
And of all Licensed Holders.
Telephone Park 146.

Notice This Service to New York via New York Central Railway.

Leave Toronto 9:45 a.m., connect at Buffalo with New York Central's Empire State Express, and arrive New York 10 p.m. same day, except Sunday. Leave Toronto 5:20 p.m. daily, arrive New York 7:50 next morning. Through Pullman from Toronto without change on evening train. Telephone Main 946.



MUSIC

THE youngest of our choral societies, the Sherlock Vocal Society, celebrated the advent of their second season by a welcome production of Haydn's cheerful oratorio *The Seasons*, at Massey Hall, on Saturday evening last. Although the oratorio is a hundred years old, the occasion, I am informed, signified its first performance in this city. The work was therefore doubly welcome—first as a novelty, and secondly because it brought back to us echoes of a time when music, to justify its existence, had to be inherently beautiful in itself, quite irrespective of what it was intended to express, when the orchestra was not made a vehicle for producing "organized noise," when melodies had to be transparently clear, instead of complex and obscure, and when the word morbid as applied to music was unknown. I had not heard the work since 1872, when I was present at its performance at Exeter Hall, London, and after this long interval the impression it conveyed was that it had not become threadbare with age, but still struck one as a charmingly fresh, melodious, naive composition, characterized by remarkable simplicity of expression. The rendering was quite enjoyable, but agreeable as it was, it would have showed more distinction had it not been that Mr. Sherlock's series of rehearsals was interrupted by a spell of indisposition. The book is founded on passages taken from Thomson's *Seasons* and is divided into four sections, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. It was somewhat tantalizing to hear the chorus sing in the first section *Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come; And from her wintry grave bid drossy nature rise*, at a moment when we were plunged in the rigors of an almost arctic winter, but no doubt the majority of the audience devoutly echoed the invocation. This chorus, by the way, is full of gaiety of heart, of anticipatory gladness. It was sung with plenty of animation, and with good musical tone, and introduced the chorus in a favorable light. Mr. Sherlock had under his baton about two hundred singers and an orchestra of forty of our most accomplished instrumentalists, supported by the organ. The voices as a rule were of clear and sweet quality, the singing was unaffected and frank, and the execution or vocal delivery exceedingly creditable. The orchestra, too, gave a good account of themselves, even although occasionally the brass had not been voiced down to the limited strength of the strings. Numbers that made a hit were the air *With joy the impatient husbandman*, the duet and chorus *Spring her lovely charms unfolding*, the chorus with trio *God of Light*, which was impressively declaimed, the chorus descriptive of the rising of the sun, the storm chorus, the scene *The Evening bell has tolled*, and the *Hunting Chorus*. The soloists were, Caroline Cutler, soprano, an experienced Boston singer with a warm timbre except in the high notes of her compass, Theodore van York, of New York, a smooth voiced tenor and Julian Walker, a light basso. Those artists were all appreciatively received on various occasions during the evening. Mrs. Blight was at the organ, and the support she gave was invaluable in several instances.

The comic operetta, *The Ottoman*, by Horace S. Tibbs, jr., and Arthur F. White, two young Torontonians, was given a very friendly reception by a large audience at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The work abounds in light tunes, and was handsomely staged and costumed. There was a good chorus and a strong orchestra. Those who appeared in principal parts were, Claude C. Kelly, J. Lawlor Woods, Ruby Sullivan, H. S. Tibbs, Jack Kennedy, Ethel Nash, and dancers, Mildred Martin and Hubert Calder. All these participants were heartily applauded for their efforts. On the whole the librettist and composer may be satisfied with the manner in which the premiere of joint production was recognized.

An excellent miscellaneous programme has been arranged for the concert of the People's Choral Union in Massey Hall on March 9, under the direction of Mr. Fletcher. The chorus will be the largest the Society has yet put forward, numbering 325 members, comprising 150 sopranos, 50 altos, 45 tenors and 80 basses. Features of the programme will be Fanning's *The Miller's Wooing*, and Horatio Parker's *Harold Harfager*, for chorus, alto solo and orchestra. This latter work received the prize of \$5,000 at the St. Louis World's Fair. The unaccompanied numbers will be *The Lark's Song*, Mendelssohn; *Darkness obscured the Earth*, Haydn; *Young Nicholas*, Moer; folk song, *Could I a Maiden Find*; *Where are you going*, Neelinger; and *A Topical Song*, Hawley. Mmme. MacConda, the New York soprano, will be

the principal solo vocalist. The subscription lists are at Heintzman & Co's warehouse, 115 King street west, and will remain open up to the 21st inst.

At a concert of the University of Toronto Women's Glee Club on Thursday, the soloists will be Mrs. W. H. O'phiant, contralto; Miss Irene C. Love, soprano; Ross B. McKinnon, baritone; and George Smedley, banjoist and mandolinist, assisted by Mrs. Scott-Raff, reader. The concert will be held in the west hall of Toronto University. Seats may be had at Nordheimer's on Monday.

"I did not care for the timber of his voice," wrote a critic in commenting upon the wooden interpretations of a vocalist.

Here is a delicious notice from a London suburban newspaper: "St. John's Church on Sunday was joyful with a wealth of accordant melody. Sometimes the tide of harmony would roll on with a soft low modulation. And anon there would come the pealing, swelling, billowy strains of a rich, sacred, awful concord. The effect of the harmony of time and tune owed much to the new organist, Mr. —; he is a master of the science of sounds."

Herr Weingartner, the distinguished conductor and musician, in an article on Brahms in the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*, thus satirizes the modern style of orchestration *apropos* of the charge that Brahms scored badly: "Does not sound well! Why? Because it is not Tristanlike, and also has no *Queen Mab* flavor? He scores badly!—Perhaps just because his scores differ from Wagner's or those of modern orchestral fireworks? Now let us for once look into the matter thoroughly, and see what is our so highly vaunted instrumentation which has made such a notable advance, that one can scarcely see the music for the scoring. Let us open a number of new scores. After we have impressed on our memory the title, and in many cases the programme, we find as a first common feature—the pattern of the *Nibelungen* scores—a special page with a detailed list of the numerous orchestral instruments required and as many as possible to each class; secondly, corresponding to it, a huge number of staves, so that the score looks as if one had to climb up and down a ladder to be able to see all that is going on; thirdly, complicated divisions at every moment of the string quintet; fourthly, one harp glissando after another; fifthly, ever so many stopped notes in the horns and trumpets; sixthly, strong and frequently intermittent use of toneless instruments of percussion, producing more noise; seventhly, a marked tendency to carry up all instruments into their highest registers, where they no longer give out tone, but a shrill scraping, squeaking and whistling; and eighthly and finally, the working up of all these clangs into a wild tumult, which admits of no musical articulation because it is simply an infernal hubbub, in which it does not matter a straw what is played."

The Klingensfeld String Quartette will give their first concert this season on Tuesday, March 14th, in the Conservatory of Music Hall. Mr. Frank S. Welsman will be the pianist and will join in the performance of a quintette by Arensky, which will be heard for the first time in Toronto.

On Monday evening last, the pupils of Miss Lena M. Hayes, gave a very interesting violin recital in the music hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The programme comprised selections from various styles of composition and served to demonstrate the technical skill and general qualifications of the students who have been benefited by Miss Hayes's instruction. Among the numbers presented were Wieniawski's 2nd, *Mazurka*, and Gabriel Marie's *Serenade* *Badine*, played by Master Victor Wainburg; Bohm's *Cavatina*, Miss Agatha Gieddes; Alard's *Faust Fantasy*—Miss Norah Hayes; Wieniawski's *Legend*—Mr. Gordon Langlois; Ries' *Adagio*, and Wieniawski's *Obertass* *Mazurka*—Miss Jessie Copeland; Miss Hayes had the assistance of Miss Norah Lazier, a vocal student of Mr. R. S. Pigott, who contributed three songs, Noel Johnson's *Farewell to Summer*, Teresa del Riego's *God Speed You Dear*, and *The Violet* by Helen Hood; and the programme was further varied by the two piano numbers Grieg's *Poeme Eclogue* and *Les Printemps*, and Raff's *Polka de la Reine*, played respectively by Miss Alma Tapp, pupil of Miss Maud Gordon, and Master Ernest Seitz, pupil of Mr. Donald Herald.

The Sherlock Concert Company gave one of their popular concerts at Burlington on Monday evening, and though the mercury registered 17 below, and

the roads were very heavy, the hall was crowded. This concert is an annual event under the auspices of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association. Last year's programme was furnished by the same company, and with such satisfaction that they were re-engaged for this season's concert. The general verdict was that the concert was the best ever given in Burlington.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock was presented with a very handsome gold mounted ebony baton by the members of the Sherlock Vocal Society on Saturday evening, just prior to the performance of *The Seasons*. The presentation was made by Mr. Elmer Ogilvie, president of the Society, and bears the inscription, "To J. M. Sherlock, from the members of the Sherlock Vocal Society, 11th Feb. 1905."

Mr. Rechab Tandy's recent concert trip westward was very successful. On his singing in Sarnia, Ontario, the *Observer* says: "Mr. Tandy was in fine form, and had to respond to many encores. His excellent rendition of such favorites as *The Last Chord*, Sullivan; Adams' *Veteran's Song*, and De Koven's setting of Kipling's *Recessional* called forth enthusiastic applause." Mr. Tandy is announced to sing in a recital at Kingston, Ontario, on the 20th inst. on the occasion of the opening of a new organ in that city.

At the Wednesday evening meeting in connection with the Anniversary services of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, held last week, the following choir numbers, under the direction of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Musical Bachelor, the organist and choir-leader, acceptably varied the programme of speeches by visiting ministers: anthem, *Glory to Thee*, my God, This Night, Gounod, solo by Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, and Mr. Arthur Trimble; solo, *Honor and Arms*, Handel, Mr. F. T. Verrall; trio, *Protect us Through the Coming Night*, Nicolai, Mrs. James Kennedy, Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mr. Trimble; anthem, *Come ye Faithful*, E. Cuthbert Nunn. The minister, Rev. A. L. Giegie, in closing the service, referred in feeling terms to the approaching withdrawal of Mr. Hardy from his choir duties in connection with the church. Owing to the growth of Mr. Hardy's duties at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, he had been compelled to send in his resignation, which was very reluctantly accepted by the Members of Session of the church. The relations of Mr. Giegie and Mr. Hardy had been of the happiest nature during the five years of their association, and no discord had ever marred the harmony which had always prevailed. Mr. Hardy's successor has not yet been appointed.

A nice newspaper says: "The Municipal Casino, for the opera night on Thursday, was crowded with a fashionable audience, the attraction, evidently, being the first appearance at Nice of Mlle. Donald, the young Canadian cantatrice in Massenet's *Manon*. The young artist's success was very great, it is gratifying to say. She has no doubt talent allied to youth and beauty. Her voice is of crystalline purity, and particularly rich in the lower register. Then her method is perfect, denoting careful training. How delightful to hear a singer who shows reverence for the composer's music! After so many mature *Manons*, what a treat to hear and see an artist, whose youth shone from her beautiful eyes. In the second act, when richly dressed in Pompadour silks and paniers, she enters, and sings 'Ne suis-je pas belle comme cela' the audience responded with a unanimous 'Oui!' The beautiful *moreau*, 'Nous n'avons pas toujours vingt ans', was rendered with a dainty grace that fairly charmed the audience. In all the other scenes, in the first act, with *Des Grieux*, and in that of *St. Sulpice*, touchingly rendered, the young artist was feted and applauded. Mlle. Donald had for partner M. Salagnac, an excellent *Des Grieux*, with whom she had already sung at Montreal. Massenet's opera was beautifully staged, and the *Le Grand Ballet* in the second act was a feast for the eyes. Altogether a delightful evening was passed."

Mr. Caruso, the great tenor, is quoted in the *London Magazine* as saying that "a man or woman of high nervous temperament alone can succeed as a lyric-dramatic artist. In the great operas a severe strain is put upon the principal singers; for while they are portraying love, hate, or revenge—the two latter sometimes in a whirlwind, so to speak of orchestral music and song—they have the whole time to watch the conductor, keep time and rhythm, and fail not at the same time in reproducing with perfect accuracy the composer's music. The nervous tension, therefore, it is obvious, must be far greater on the operatic artist than it is on the actor, who only has to think of his action and his words, while the actor-singer has to think of action, words, and music. In the proper exposition of these lies that which contributes to success."

The Londoners take Mr. Sousa very seriously indeed. *The World* of that city actually feels impelled to protest against "the untenable claims on behalf of Mr. Sousa put forward by injudicious admirers who would have us believe that even the greatest living conductors have something to learn from him, and that he is a real force in contemporary music. It is barely possible," the writer continues, "that the Sousa concerts may do good by proving to people who are afraid of music, that a concert may be quite lively, and so inescapably lead them on stepping-stones to higher things; but that is very problematical. It is much better to be frank and say that the Sousa concerts are admirable and unique of their kind, and that the kind is not far removed from the music hall. It is not necessary to introduce into the matter any invidious considerations of 'higher' and 'lower'—and, indeed, they would be quite out of place. It is certain that to

hear Mr. Sousa conduct one of his own marches is an indispensable part of a complete musical education. There is nothing quite like it; the nearest approach was a Strauss waltz conducted by Strauss. In both we have the incarnation of rhythm. That is the chief greatness of Sousa, and almost sums him up; but there are other things; and in another aspect of his talent he may be called the de Pachmann of the orchestra. His gestures stand in the same relationship to his music as the facial expression of M. de Pachmann to his playing. They are wholly external to it, and yet, an inseparable part of it. To sum up, Sousa is an admirable tonic, and need do no harm to the most highly developed musical sensibility. Only we must not imagine that there is more in him than there really is."

There wouldn't be so many fellows on their uppers if the millionaires only had enough daughters to go around.

In the matter of advice it is often well to shake before taking.

Giving the devil his due proves there is always the devil to pay.

A man's idea of a cozy corner is a place where he daren't sit.

Hope isn't much good unless it is backed up by hustle.

The man who is satisfied with what he has doesn't worry about what he hasn't.

Toronto Conservatory of Music

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
Students May Enter at any Time
Send for Calendar.
Conservatory School of Literature and Expression
MRS. NICHOLSON-CUTLER, Principal.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
TENOR
Engagements accepted in Ontario and Concerts. Teaching resumed in Voice Culture and Singing September 1, 1904. Address: The Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

W. Y. AROHIBALD
BARITONE
TEACHER OF SINGING
Conductor of Upper Canada College Glee Club
"Toronto University Ladies' Choral Club
Studio—Nordheimer's
Glee Club

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone.
Also Blight Male Quartette
Open for engagements. Address—Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 466.

THE FAMOUS
SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE
(of Toronto).
Open for engagements and better than ever.
Address—J. M. Sherlock, Rooms 5-8, Nordheimer's, Toronto.

DR. ALBERT HAM
VOICE PRODUCTION
AND SINGING.
Toronto Conservatory of Music
or 601 Jarvis St.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED JURY
TEACHERS OF SINGING
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, a specialty.
Studio—58 Alexander Street.

MRS. RYAN-BURKE
TEACHER OF SINGING
Vocal Directress
Loretta Abbey,
Conservatory of Music

TRIPP
THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST
Studio for lessons—
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. W. J. Obernier
CONTRALTO
TEACHER OF SINGING
Studio—68 John St.

H. S. SAUNDERS
VIOLONCELLO
STUDIO—21 Harbord St. Telephone North 638

SEBASTIAN H. BURNETT
BARITONE ORATORIO
Freedom of tone, relaxation of throat, and thorough breath control. The only means to acquire the Bel Canto Style. Studio—20 Grenville Street, or Toronto College of Music.

DAVID ROSS
BARITONE AND SINGING MASTER
Specialty—Tone Placement.
STUDIO—Mason & Rich Piano Co., 32 King St. W. Residence, 9 Prince Arthur Ave.

MR. A. F. REILLY
PIANIST AND ACCOMPANIST
TEACHER OF PIANO
Residence—95 Spadina Road. Phone N. 2132

Robert Stuart Pigott
SINGING MASTER
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

LENA M. HAYES
VIOLINIST
Studio—Conservatory of Music.

ARMSTRONG
VOCAL INSTRUCTOR
THE LANKOW METHOD
Studio—Nordheimer's.

VOICED PIANO
INCORPORATED 1890
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED
IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc., Musical Director
Artistic Musical Education. Students prepared as Teachers or Concert Artists.
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal
Calendar and Syllabus on application.

Miss Mary Hewitt Smart
VOCAL CULTURE
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Studio—Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MILDRED WALKER
SOPRANO
Pupil Emilio Agramonte.
VOICE CULTURE. Concert engagements accepted. Studio—Bell Piano Warehouses and 32 Lower Ave. City.

Canadian Institute for Physical Training.
1. Medical and Physical
Examinations with preparation of exercise.
2. Body Building.
3. Boxing and Fencing.
4. Teacher's Course.
5. Correspondence Course
STUDIO—Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Queen & Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can.
J. W. BARTON, B.S., Principal.
DON. M. BARTON, Secy.

MR. J. W. BARTON.
MR. HAMILTON MACAULAY
CONCERT BASSO AND
TEACHER OF SINGING
Studio removed to
119 CARLTON STREET
MR. ARTHUR INGHAM
World's Fair Concert Organist.
Organist and Choir Director of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto.
Advanced Piano and Organ Lessons.
Address—Conservatory of Music, or 117 Pombroke St.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy
Instruction in the Art
of Piano Playing
STUDIOS
Metropolitan School of Music; Bell Piano Warehouses, 124 Yonge Street.
Residence, 326 Brock Ave.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Address—168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music.

R. OLMSTEAD MACKAY
BASSO
Teacher of Singing
Pupil of Alfred Augustus North, London, England.
Principal Vocal Dept. Toronto Junction College of Music. Studio—Morningside, Bell Piano Co.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
CONCERT PIANIST
and TEACHER
Studio at Nordheimer's. Residence—32 Madison Ave. Telephone N. 524

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Presbyterian Ladies' College and Upper Canada College.
Address—438 Spadina Ave.

HAROLD D. PHILLIPS, M.A.
Mus. Bae. (Cantab.) F.R.C.O.
Organist and Choirmaster St. Paul's Church, Bloor Street East. Composition, Advanced Theory, Organ. Address—Bernard Ave.

NORA KATHLEEN JACKSON
VOICE SPECIALIST
Teacher of Singing and Musical Theory, English, French, German and Italian Repertoire. Open. Studio—Castle Frank Road, Rosedale, and Nordheimer's.

W. R. JACKSON
Teacher of Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo and Violin.
Studio—Daytime R. S. Williams' Music Store, 143 Yonge St. Evenings, 301 St. Patrick Street.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing.
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
PIANIST and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano-Playing, Harmony, etc.
Private studio—Nordheimer's, Toronto.

MR. H. M. FIELD
Pianist and Piano Pedagogue
School of Piano Playing.
"One of the first teachers of the piano at the present time."—Berlin, (Ger.) Times.
"Mr. Field may honorably claim a position among the leading pianists of the day."—Leipzig SIGNAL.
Studio—105 Gloucester St.

LORA NEWMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Pupil of the world-renowned Lechetsky. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and a limited number of advanced pupils accepted. For dates and terms, address Nordheimer's, King St., or 278 Jarvis St.

MISSSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture and Fencing
Regiment's and Adult Classes now forming.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL
SIMPSON HALL, Saturday, 8 p.m.
Adult Society Dancing.

The MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
113 BEVERLEY STREET
Vocal, Violin, Piano, Organ, Theory, Musician and Physical Culture. Kindergarten Method for beginners. Thoroughly competent staff and high standard work in all departments. For particulars call or write.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio—21 King Street West
PROFESSIONAL
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
McMillan Building, Toronto.
Phone—Main 1301

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
LIMITED
Canada's Greatest Music House
EVERYTHING IN SHEET MUSIC
AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Our collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS, CELLOS, etc., is THE LARGEST AND BEST ever imported into Canada. Inspection invited.
INSTRUMENTS ALLOWED ON TRIAL.

158 YONGE STREET - - TORONTO
FINE VIOLINS.
Write for new Catalogue (free) containing list of noted violin makers, photo engravings of celebrated artists, and photographic reproductions of Fine Violins, ranging in price from \$40.00 to \$5,000.00.
Special values sent on seven days' examination. Monthly payments arranged. Formal certificate of genuineness with each instrument.

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Limited
148 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—166 Ossington Avenue
Voice trained from.

W. F. PICKARD
Organist Bloor St. Baptist Church.
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN PLAYING
Room 19, 2 College Street, Tuesday and Saturday. Residence, 59 Margaret Street.

A. T. ORINGAN, M. M.
Teacher of Vocal Culture and the Art of Singing.
Careful attention given to tone placing and development.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—489 Church St., Toronto.

FRANK C. SMITH
TEACHER OF VIOLON AND PIANO
Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Williams 143 Yonge Street.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Solos
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. In service of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College. Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

LINA D. ADAMSON
SOLO VIOLINIST
AND TEACHER
Address: Conservatory of Music. After 1st Oct., Mendith Crescent, Rosedale.

MISS JENNIE E. WILLIAMS
SOPRANO
Pupil of William Shakespeare, London, Eng. Teacher of Singing, Toronto Conservatory of Music, season commencing Sept. 1904.
For terms, dates, etc., address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 326 Huron Street.

Chrystal Brown
Oratorio and Concert Tones
Singing Central Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. Now teaching engagements in Canada.
Address—ERIE, Pa.

J. F. JOHNSTONE, C.M.
PIANO, SINGING, THEORY, HARMONY, etc.
Room 4, 301 College Street, Toronto.

W. E. FAIRLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church.
PIANO, ORGAN, THEORY
Address—1 Narva Street, Toronto.
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. John's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall. 21 Ombra Road, Rosedale.

REGINALD M. CHASE
UNIVERSITY TUTOR
Fourth season in Toronto. Graduate Toronto University and Ontario Normal College; formerly classical master, Fennell High School; special tutor St. Andrew's College, Toronto. Students prepared for University examinations in Classics, English, Moderns and Mathematics. 24 Broadbent St.

FRAU WHITELAW
TEACHER OF FRENCH AND GERMAN
Without study. Easy, rapid method. Trial lessons free. Highest city references.
1 NORTH STREET, TORONTO.

H. KLINGENFELD
SOLO VIOLINIST
AND TEACHER
Address—34 McCaul Street, or Conservatory of Music.

MISS VIA MACMILLAN
will open new class for piano teachers in her Common Sense Method
Jan. 19th.
Address—Toronto Junction College of Music

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
VOICE CULTURE
Vocal Teacher of Montreal Ladies' College, Toronto and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
241 Bloor Street.

MINNIE G. CONNOR, A.T.C.M.
Teacher of VIOLIN
STUDIO—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANCOIS COOMBS
BARITONE
Teacher of Tone Production and Singing Master public School of Music.
Down town Studio—
Bell Piano Warehouses—146 Yonge Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio—21 King Street West
PROFESSIONAL
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
McMillan Building, Toronto.
Phone—Main 1301

60 CENTS Per Pound
Gold Label

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA positively the purest and most delicious tea sold in the world. Received the highest award and Gold Medal at St. Louis 1904.

The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

By REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

VII.—False and True Methods of Bible Interpretation.

The following lecture closes the series that Mr. Sunderland set out to give on "The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge." In preparing these lectures, however, Mr. Sunderland decided that certain matters connected with the evolution of the Bible which could not be dealt with in the present series should be taken up separately in another short series. Arrangements have been made whereby this series also will be published in SATURDAY NIGHT.

HERE are many presuppositions and biases in the public mind which tend to prevent a right understanding of the Bible. Nor is this strange. When men have held one view on any subject for a long time they are naturally—indeed, almost necessarily—prejudiced against any other view. It was so with regard to a flat earth: a long time elapsed before men became willing to believe in a round earth. It was so with regard to the revolution of the earth around the sun, and the doctrine of evolution, and the greater age of man on the earth than the Genesis accounts would indicate. When these long-standing beliefs first began to be questioned there were few minds that were quite willing to listen hospitably to the evidence in favor of the new views. It seemed a sort of sacrilege to question the old beliefs which had been entertained so long. There is nothing to be wondered at if many minds to-day feel the same in regard to the higher criticism, and the new views of the Bible which this compels.

And yet, we are in a world where progress must be made. It is the law of life. It is God's law. And the sooner we learn to adjust ourselves to it and welcome it, and open our minds gladly to the new truth which alone renders it possible, the better we shall fill our places and do our right work in the world.

Let me point out certain methods of Bible interpretation which have been very generally accepted in the past and which are widely in vogue still, but which scholarship is condemning as no longer justifiable in the light of present Biblical knowledge.

One is that method of interpretation which says we must accept the Bible without question as perfect and infallible truth; we must not even allow ourselves to entertain the thought or the possibility of error in it, but must do all our study and all our interpreting with the understanding, settled beforehand, that it is God's perfect Word. I often talk with men who take this ground. There are great numbers of preachers and writers who do the same.

It requires only a moment's thought to see that such an assumption as this regarding the Bible simply makes intelligent study and interpretation of it impossible. I am not saying that the Bible is or is not the perfect and infallible word of God (that question I have examined in a preceding lecture); I am only saying that whether it is or not can be predicated only on the basis of careful and thorough inquiry; it cannot be assumed. If we may assume it in regard to our Bible, then the Mohammedan may assume it in regard to his Koran and the Hindu in regard to his Vedas, and the Mormon in regard to his sacred book, and Eddy in regard to his *Science and Health*, and the Pope of Rome in regard to his utterances. Thus we are at the mercy of any so-called infallible authority or divine revelation that any body of persons may see fit to set up. Intelligent interpretation of any book in the world must be based upon adequate knowledge of what the book is. To refuse that knowledge is to destroy the possibility of intelligent and trustworthy interpretation.

An equally false method of Bible interpretation is that which sets out with the claim, "All or none"—the Bible must either be accepted as wholly true and inspired, or else it must be wholly rejected. This was the position maintained all their lives by Mr. Moody and Mr. Spurgeon; and to-day we meet it on every hand. But it is both unintelligent and dangerous. Many a man takes at their word the short-sighted religious teachers who insist on this alternative, and because he cannot accept the story of a woman made out of a rib, or of Jonah living three days in a fish, he throws the whole book away with all its wealth of moral good, to his own very serious loss and harm. A similar claim made outside of the Bible would instantly be recognized as absurd. Suppose we set up this alternative regarding Shakespeare, saying "All or none! If there is a single error or imperfection in the writings of that great dramatist, then all he wrote must be thrown away." Or suppose we apply the same principle of "All or none!" to the sun, and declare that "a single spot on the face of that great luminary destroys it; it must be either wholly bright or wholly dark." Rational men make no such claims elsewhere; why do they in connection with the Bible?

The truth is, good is good wherever found, inside the Bible or outside. Truth is truth and error is error, wherever they appear. There is nothing true or good in the Bible that is vitiated in the slightest degree by any errors or imperfections which may be discovered in any other part of this large collection of literature.

An unwarranted method of interpretation of the Bible is that which teaches that all its parts are of equal value. How can those parts taken up with genealogical tables, or with accounts of cruel wars, be of equal value with the moral and spiritual parts? How can the Apocalypse, with its wild visions that nobody understands or ever did, be equal in value with the Sermon on the Mount? Who in his right mind believes that the pessimistic wail of Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is as truly inspired and worth as much as St. John's "Beloved, now are we the sons of God"? The truth is, the whole Christian world, whatever its theory on the subject may be, shows that it does not really believe all parts of the Bible to be of equal value, by the fact that it selects some portions for use a thousand times over and does not select other portions at all.

Another method of Bible interpretation quite as mistaken and misleading is that which insists upon finding a unity and harmony of teaching throughout the Bible. Do you think that if there were a unity and harmony of teaching in all its parts, there would be two or three hundred different Christian sects all drawing their different doctrines from its pages? No, the Bible contains divergent and often conflicting views. That is why honest men are able to draw from it support for doctrines so various. The book is not a confession of faith, or a creed, or a theological treatise. It is literature. It is a many-sided volume of life—as many-sided as life itself. Into it come characters of every possible kind that can be found in real life, and these characters express freely their different views of life, of truth, of man, of God, of immortality, of duty, of almost everything that enters into men's thought. How could they be expected all to agree? There is no single doctrinal system running through it. It contains various schemes of thought, or partial schemes, and it is a mistake to think that these always harmonize.

One man finds in the Bible teachings in favor of a moderate use of wine; another in favor of total abstinence. One quotes it in support of slavery, another against. The believer in free will finds free will in the Bible in a hundred places. The believer in election finds that in as many. Nobody has ever harmonized the two, or ever can.

The priestly ideas that come out in many of the Old Testament books, and the prophetic ideas that come out in as many others, are often divergent and antagonistic.

The views of Paul, Peter and James, the leaders of the early Church, as their views appear in the New Testament, are opposed to each other in important points. There are at least three different kinds of salvation taught in the New Testament—salvation by faith, salvation by works, and salvation by character. There are at least four different views of Jesus—Jesus the man simply and only; then Jesus the Jewish Messiah; later Jesus an angelic being, or being who had an existence in heaven before coming to earth, who was sent to earth to do a work in lifting up and saving men, and last, Jesus the incarnate Logos.

It was an age in which many men were worshipped as gods. When the later books of the New Testament were written Jesus was on his way to deification.

Now I say it is a false method of interpretation that does not recognize this diversity of thought in the Bible—that tries to push and pull and twist and mould it all into any one system of beliefs or ideas.

The Bible should be thought of as what it is, a literature, not a book, and then the temptation to try to compress its thought all into one mould naturally passes away; we expect the literature of a nation to embody many different beliefs and ways of looking at things. In such diversity we see wealth. We expect life to be many-sided.

There is much misinterpretation of the Bible growing out of an ignorant or careless use of texts. Any interpretation of the Bible is false and misleading which is based upon texts which are torn from their contexts. We all know how easy it is for a reporter to misrepresent and convey a wholly false impression of a public speaker by giving to the public sentences culled from his speech here and there without reference to their connection. There is a great deal of such misrepresentation of the Bible caused by quoting Scripture passages removed from their settings.

Some one has said: "A Scripture text, like a coupon railway ticket, should always be stamped, Not good if detached." You have perhaps heard of the eminent but eccentric preacher in England, at the time when enormous top-knots of hair were worn by ladies, preaching one day from the text, "Top-not come down." Everybody in the congregation was surprised that there was such a text in the Bible. But on looking for it it was there, sure enough, in Matthew's Gospel: "Let him who is on the house-top not come down."

A story is told of a man who offered to prove to another by Scripture that he (the other man) ought immediately to commit suicide. This is the way he did it. "Judas went out and hanged himself" (such a chapter and verse). "Go thou and do likewise" (such a chapter and verse). "What thou doest do quickly" (such a chapter and verse). Thus there was a clear case of the Bible enjoining immediate suicide.

These are extreme cases of the unwarrantable use of Scripture, by detaching bits from their proper connections and settings, and thus making them convey meanings wholly foreign to those which were in the minds of the writers. Yet there is a vast amount of just such use of Scripture. That is one reason why we find persons proving every manner of doctrine from the Bible.

Mr. Barnum, the great showman, once proved to the people who wanted free passes to his show that the Scriptures distinctly forbade such passes. He printed a card with the following Scripture texts upon it:

"Search the Scriptures." Num. 20: 18.
"Thou shalt not pass." Judges 3: 28.
"The wicked shall no more pass."

Nahum 1: 15.
"None shall pass." Isa. 34: 10.
"This generation shall not pass."

Matt. 13: 30.
"Though they roar they cannot pass."

Jer. 5: 22.
"So he paid the fare thereof and went." Jonah 1: 3.

Could an array of Scripture be stronger to prove that Mr. Barnum ought not to grant any free passes, but should demand a fare from every one who wanted to see his show?

I have heard many a sermon and read many a book devoted to proving positions held by the preacher or the author by using Scripture texts in exactly the way employed by Mr. Barnum—that is, by gathering them from any part of the Bible where he could find them, and using them with no reference at all to what was in the minds of the authors when they wrote the texts. There is more of this kind of use of Scripture than probably most of you dream, if you have not had your attention distinctly called to it. In hardly any way is the Bible oftener or more seriously misrepresented.

Another very common but utterly misleading method of interpreting the Bible is that which reads into it mysterious meanings, symbols, types, hidden significations, endless foreshadowings and predictions, instead of accepting it as the simple, natural, beautiful thing that it really is.

A distinguished clergyman of New York preaches a sermon on "The Ark," and says to his hearers solemnly: "I notice that the door in the ark was in the side of the ark; it was a side door; we are distinctly told so in the Scriptures; and I have to tell you that the door of the ark of God's mercy in Christ is in the side; it is through the pierced side of the bleeding side, the wide-open side of the son of God. That is the side door." Thus we are given to understand that the door being made in the side of the ark was something wonderful, something of deep symbolic and prophetic significance, as if doors of structures were usually not in their sides, but in their roofs or their floors.

Men preach sermons and series of sermons, and write books on the mystical meanings of the tabernacle, the altar, the showbread, the Old Testament sacrificial system, and the way in which all these things prefigure Christ and Christianity.

There is a class of minds which find the whole Bible full of marvelous and miraculous foreshadowings of events which are to happen in after ages—as the rise and fall of Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, the birth of Christ, the rise of Christianity, the destruction of Jerusalem, the dispersion of the Jews, the coming of the Catholic Church, Mahomet and Mohammedanism, modern Protestantism, the German Empire, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon, the wars between Russia and Turkey, the coming of Christ, the end of the world.

There are minds which search for mystical numbers as for precious treasure. A great doctor of divinity tells us gravely that "the number 7 denotes the union of God and man in Christ." "Students in symbolics are wont," he says, "to consider the number 3 as the divine number, and the number 4 as the earth number. The two combinations of 3 and 4, to wit, 7 and 12, are redemption numbers, the union of God and man—the 7 as viewed on the God side and the 12 as viewed on the man side."

There is a class of minds which find esoteric significations everywhere. Our Swedenborgian friends tell us that the whole Bible is a sort of allegory, or series of parables. Everything in it has two meanings, the simple plain meaning which it would have if it were in any other book, and the second, or deeper, or symbolical, or spiritual, meaning. The first, or simple meaning, is of little importance, often indeed it is actually misleading; the second, the symbolical or spiritual meaning, is the one for which the Bible was written, and the one which is of religious value. For example, the story of the creation of the world and of Adam, is merely a figurative account of the condition of the church at a certain period. In the sixth chapter of the Apocalypse we have the horse spoken of a number of times. But the horse signifies the intellectual faculty or understanding. When the first seal is opened a white horse appears. This signifies purity of understanding. With the second seal, a red



The Heintzman & Co. Baby Grand Piano.

Attention is being constantly directed to the beautiful tone of the



The Heintzman & Co. Art Piano in Upright Case.

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

WHAT higher recommendation need one search for? Tone is the test of a piano. Because of the distinctive tone of this far-famed instrument—a tone so different to any other—this piano is to-day sought after on all great musical occasions. It is a piano that rises to every great occasion.

Will be used exclusively by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburg Orchestra in their coming great musical tournee

PIANO SALON—115-117 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario

horse; this represents a deteriorated understanding; then a black horse, which means a darkened understanding.

Jesus was born in a manger to teach the world a great lesson. The horse represents understanding. It gets its food from a manger. God puts Jesus in a manger to teach men that He (Jesus) was the truth upon which the understanding must feed.

I might go on for hours giving illustrations of this method of interpreting the Bible, which makes it a book of riddles and puzzles and endless mysteries, for unfortunately this method is one which, in one form or another, meets us wherever we go in the religious world. But it is a delusion and a snare. There is nothing but intellectual confusion and moral emptiness in it. Real scholarship gives no countenance to it whatever. To attempt to interpret the Bible in any such way is simply to enter upon an endless road that leads nowhere and to nothing. Exactly these same methods of interpretation may be applied to any other book and with exactly as valuable results. They are applied by Miss Bacon and others to the interpretation of Shakespeare, and you all know with what a ridiculous outcome. They are also applied to all the other sacred books of the world outside our own; and there, just as in the case of our Bible, they simply lead their devotees on endless quests which always result in grasping nothing.

So much, then, for false and misleading methods of Bible interpretation—those that do not stand the tests of modern knowledge.

Let us now consider methods that are true, that are in harmony with the best scholarship, and that give us an intelligent knowledge of what the Bible actually is and teaches.

Says Channing: "The true principle in interpreting Scripture is this: That the Bible is a book written for men, in the language of men, and that the meaning is to be sought in the same manner as that of other books." On this principle the higher criticism is based. In harmony with this principle all intelligent study of the Bible must proceed.

This means that if you have a passage of Scripture which you wish to get a correct understanding of, the first thing for you to do is to read it carefully, not detached from its context, but in connection with its setting—what goes before it and what follows after—that you may get the whole thought, so far as you can, which was in the author's mind. Then find out anything you are able about the author, the circumstances under which he wrote, and what his purpose was in writing. Consider whether the passage is prose or poetry, for the two have different aims, and are to be interpreted differently. If the passage you are studying is history, consider carefully any facts within your reach bearing on the question of the competence and trustworthiness of the historian. Do not consult any commentary that gives any evidence of being biased or of having a case to make out. As a rule, do not consult any commentary that is more than twenty years old. Having thus obtained all the light you can, use your common sense, use your own independent judgment, employ the same principles of interpretation that you would in studying any other literature, and be sure that you will not be likely to go far astray. Exactly the same scientific methods which the scientist employs in making his investigations, the Scripture investigator should employ in his. In studying the literature of the Bible exactly the same literary methods require to be used as in connection with other literatures. In studying Old and New Testament history the same methods of historic inquiry and research and verification are necessary that are found essential in all other historic study.

In order to a true understanding of the Bible, it is important to remember that this literature is Oriental, and has many distinctively Oriental characteristics; it is largely composite; it is largely anonymous; it has much less logical order than is generally found in Western literature; the element of the imagination is strong in it; it does not discriminate clearly between prose and poetry; the miraculous finds easy access to it everywhere; the lines are not clearly drawn between history and legend.

Another thing not less important to be remembered is, that our modern theories and habits of theological thinking were unknown to the men from whom our Scriptures come. The writers of the Bible had not our creeds or anything like them. Many of the doctrines which we teach so earnestly and bolster up by texts drawn from Bible writers, those writers never heard of. It cannot be repeated too often, that the Bible is a book of religion and life, not of creeds and theologies.

If we would understand and interpret the Bible correctly, we must emphasize the spirit above the letter. "The letter killeth," said Paul, "but the spirit giveth life." There are many things in the Bible which we wish were not there—many things which do not stand the tests of the higher standards which the Bible itself sets up. But as to the general spirit of the Bible there can be but one judgment. It is the spirit of earnestness, of sincerity, of faithfulness, of care for spiritual things as contrasted with material, of eternal things as compared with temporal, of intense devotion to the service of God and religion. This spirit was never more needed in the world than it is to-day. Where can we get it? I know of no source from which it can be drawn so effectively as from the Bible. More or less of the letter of the Bible will pass away. But the spirit of the Bible will not pass away. So far as we can see, it will remain a source of moral invigoration, uplifting and inspiration to men forever.

We shall utterly mistake in our interpretation of the Bible if we do not bear in mind that the religion which it portrays to us is a growth, is a development, and that in the Bible it appears to us as a growth, is a development.

Where are we to find our standard? In the lowest? No. In the highest? Yes. We must go for our standard to what the development finally reached: not to what it started from. This means that in reading the Bible for instruction, for help, for moral guidance, for authoritative teaching, we should go, not to those books which portray the nation's lower religious thought and cruder moral life, but, as I have urged in a preceding lecture, to the writings of the Bible's greatest religious teachers, to the prophetic books and the Psalms of the Old Testament, and especially to the New Testament and, above all, to Jesus. In Him the evolution culminates. He is the Bible's loftiest voice. Through Him God speaks with a persuasive and inspiring power such as we find nowhere else in the Bible, and I believe nowhere else among the great teachers whom God has given to the world.

These, then, as I understand them, are the principles and methods of that truer interpretation of the Bible which is coming to the world as the result of modern thought and knowledge, and largely as the result of what is known as the higher criticism.

He who sets out to interpret the Bible according to these principles and methods will find a plain path opening before him. His ideas about the Bible will change, must change, if he has been brought up in the old conceptions, but he will soon see that the change is not for the worse, but for the better. His interest in the volume will grow, and it will be a natural and healthy in-

terest. The volume will descend from the pedestal of an artificial, distant, only half understood, only half real, sacredness, where it has stood, apart from life, to come close to him, to take its place by his side, to become a human book, and because truly human, therefore truly divine, to touch his life, to appeal to his imagination, heart, reason, conscience, as it has never done before; to create in him a deeper love for religion and a more genuine reverence for God than he has ever known.

As the result of the new interpretation the old Bible goes, but it leaves in its place another, that is not a fetish, that does not engender superstition, that does not fetter man's mind, that cannot hinder human progress, that is full as no other book coming down to us from the past is full, of spiritual life and moral power.

Rev. Mr. Sunderland will deliver the first of a new series of lectures on the Bible next Sunday evening in the Unitarian Church. Subject, "General Old Testament Prophecy."

Dr. Parker's Fee.

Dr. Joseph Parker would accept nothing but third-class railway fares when he visited poor parishes, but woe to the church that had a reputation for meanness in money matters. He visited one such, where, after service, the deacon said, "Well, Dr. Parker, as to your fee?"

"It is fifty pounds." The deacon demurred; Dr. Parker insisted. Finally the officials of the church got together and paid over the fifty pounds. Then Dr. Parker said:

"Now, this is not for myself. Some time ago you had So-and-So—mentioning a somewhat obscure minister—to preach here. You know that his church is a struggling one, and that he is a poor man, with a large family. You refused to pay him more than his bare railway fares when he came to you on the last occasion."

"To redeem this iniquity on your part I have charged you fifty pounds, and I shall send it to him as his fee."

Monkey Plays Joke.

A funny story is told of an Englishman who was in India and who owned a monkey that was as mischievous as most monkeys are. Looking out of his window one day the gentleman saw his cook plucking a fowl preparatory to cooking it for dinner. On the ground at a little distance lay the monkey pretending that he was dead, while a flock of crows were hopping about a little way distant, divided between the desire for the kitchen offal and the fear of the possibly shamming monkey. One crow, more adventurous than the rest, came within the magic distance and was instantly in the clutch of the monkey. At the same moment the cook, having finished trussing the fowl, put it into the pot and went away.

The monkey plucked the crow as he had just seen the cook pluck the fowl, took the fowl out of the pot, put the crow in and retired with his exchange. When the cook came back and saw the fowl left for his master's luncheon turned black, he was struck with terror, believing that the evil one had interfered to bring about such a startling result. Meanwhile the monkey was enjoying the fowl he had stolen.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

Even an intellectual feast depends largely on the mental digestion.

Some girls waste a lot of time looking for the ideal man when there are a lot of real ones lying around loose.

Some people would rather beg than steal, and rather do either than go to work.

Artistic Dining-Rooms

There is no room in the house more important than the dining-room. It gives the "home-tone," as you might call it, to the entire residence. It should not only afford pleasing surroundings for yourself, but for those whom you invite as friends, as well. In the dining-room there is more leisure to study and enjoy the artistic scheme and finish of the decorations and furnishings. You should consider the criticism as well as the pleasure of those who share your hospitality, by having an artistic dining-room.

The United Arts & Crafts have opened a new room in their Studio, and invite those who are interested in the furnishing art to call and see some new effects in dining-room equipment.

Studio—Room 34, Lawlor Building, 6 King Street West

The United Arts & Crafts, Limited



Automobile Show

THE Second Annual Automobile Show will be held February 27th to March 4th, in our large display rooms and garage, "Automobile Corner," Bay and Temperance Sts.

The best of the successful cars recently exhibited at New York and Chicago will be here displayed, competent motorists being constantly in attendance to explain the different points of construction and operation.

The following cars will be largely featured:—Packard, Peerless, Thomas, Pope Toledo, Stevens Duryea, Ford, Auto Car, Pope Tribune, Waverly, Ivanhoe.

Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited
Bay and Temperance Streets, Toronto.

Bear Stories.

"In Austin one afternoon," says Senator Bailey of Texas, "a number of State legislators and not a few lawyers were telling stories of bear-hunting. A six-footer from the Guadalupe bottoms told a story of slaughter of the bear family that would have been calculated to astonish the late Baron Munchausen. The teller of this story was, of course, the hero of the devastation related, and it seemed pretty clear from his recital that he had exterminated all the bears once so thick in the dense cane-brakes and swampy jungles of his region."

"When the six-footer had finished his tale there arose a chorus of dissent. Nearly every man present swore roundly against the improbability of the adventures. In fact, several of the auditors did not scruple to apply a plain epithet to that individual; and a general clamor ensued."

"Against this popular verdict there was found only one champion. This was a wiry little man who, up to that time, had not spoken a word."

"Gentlemen," remarked he, when the noise had subsided, "I believe every word my friend has uttered. You are incredulous simply because you haven't had his opportunity for slaughtering big game. Now, I myself have had experiences in that line back in old Mississippi, that I almost dread to tell you of, lest you should think that I, too, were drawing on my imagination."

"I could tell you of the greatest bear hunt in history, back there on Deer Creek. We started our game one Saturday morning," and followed him through six counties, camping on his trail every night. His tracks were of the size of a bushel measure. At the end of the third week we caught up with him, our dogs having brought him to bay in a thick swamp. I was in the lead of my comrades, and as I approached the scene gave a yell of encouragement to the dogs. With that they closed on the bear. With one stroke of his terrible paw that bear slew forty-eight of the best hunting dogs in Mississippi, and the rest fled. I avenged my dogs by shooting the bear through the brain. He weighed some 1,200 pounds."

"The wiry little man had finished his story there was not a word, except from the man from Guadalupe. 'That's an infernal lie!' he shouted. 'In a twinkling the man from Mississippi had jumped for the fellow, and

they went to the floor, the little fellow on top, choking his adversary viciously. 'You don't believe it, eh?' demanded he, fairly raining blows upon the prostrate victim, 'then take that and that and that. Don't believe it? I believed your bear story, and you'll believe mine, or I'll beat you to a frazzle.'

"Gasping for breath and begging for mercy, the defeated one rose to his knees and blurted out:—'There's no accounting for what a bear will do when he gets irritated.'"

On the Lawyers.

One day in the cloak-room of the Senate, apropos of a discussion whether, from an intellectual standpoint, statesmen of the present fall below the standard set by those of the past, one of the members told the following story:

"There lived in Lee County, Kentucky, a local sage by the name of Jesse Cole. Jesse entertained the notion that the present-day type of lawyer was not to be compared with the jurists of the old days."

"One day as he was entering the court-house at Beattyville, he noticed a group of lawyers who were discussing the points of a case that was to come up that day. Cole, disgusted by their conversation, stepped up to them, and said:

"Gentlemen, thirty or forty years ago the lawyers in this State were men—great, big, immense men, wearing fur hats as big as bushel baskets. But now, gentlemen, I honestly believe that a fellow could without the least difficulty draw a tomato-can over the head of any one of you!"

Catchup.

The rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he determined to trace it. He questioned the man who tended the furnace.

"Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?"

Erastus scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Wal, sub," he replied, "Ah—Ah—Ah—Ah reckon dem squihels done took it."

"Squihels? Take coal? Nonsense!"

"Yessah, squihels, Major Higgins. Dat was nut coal, sub."—Chicago News.

Rulers and Revolutions.

In the dark days before the German Empire, before Bismarck had become a name in the world, King William and Bismarck sat together in a dark railway carriage, travelling to Berlin. The country was ringing with the "iron and blood" speech, and the old King was alarmed. He looked out upon the lights of Berlin. "I see how this will end," he said. "In front of the Opera there, under my windows, they will chop off your head, and mine a little later."

The time has gone by in Europe when Kings cannot forget King Charles' head, but the prospect of the world from a despotic throne is not yet roses, roses all the way. It must seem anything, indeed, but rosy to the Czar, who looks out upon it from the windows of his palace at Tsarskoe Selo, near St. Petersburg. Not often, in the unfolding drama of the world, has it fallen to a King to listen to the despairing cry of his people in such momentous language as that addressed to the Czar; never, perhaps, since the first King was crowned, has one man been called upon to turn suddenly into a new path the lives of over a hundred million human beings.

Once to every man and nation Comes the moment to decide;

and the Czar's moment has come in a terrible hour. So, on a fateful Sunday long ago, it came to his father. Assassination, said Disraeli, has never brought about the progress of the world by a single inch, and no crime was ever fraught with more appalling consequences than the murder of Alexander II. Had the Nihilists stayed their hand but for a day, or had the Emperor signed his name the day before, there might have been no crisis in St. Petersburg to-day, no war abroad, no discontented people at home.

The Emperor put off his fateful act until "to-morrow." Boris Melikoff, the Armenian soldier who held the place in Russia then which Poyedonosteff holds to-day, had triumphed, and Alexander II. had promised a Constitution. It was written out, and ready for signature. But the Emperor left the palace without signing it; he was going to see his troops, and the signature would do when he came back. He came back a mangled mass, blown to pieces by a Nihilist. Boris Melikoff fell from power, and Poyedonosteff reigned in his stead, and to-day, it is said, the Constitution is still preserved in a mysterious State-box. But the name without which it is nothing is still missing. In the supreme moment, once again, a Czar had waited until it was too late.

A former Khedive of Egypt knew better. His moment found him ready for its call. The supreme event of a revolution in Egypt should have been, according to the programme, the killing of Tewfik, who knew well the fate his enemies had in store for him. His case was almost parallel with the Czar's. His enemies were around the palace; his chances of escape, said a diplomatist who knew all about it, were "hardly greater than those of a martyr in a Roman arena before the wild beasts were uncaged."

The conspirators called at the palace, and the Khedive watched them from the window. Tewfik sent his aide-de-camp to receive them, and the warmth of their welcome disarmed them more effectively than any force. His Highness said the aide-de-camp was expecting them, and would see them at once. Ushered into his presence, the rebels found themselves alone with the man they had come to murder. Calm and undisturbed, the Khedive claimed the right of every man to speak before he died. He explained the situation quietly and with common sense; pointed out that as things stood the British would support his rule as long as he was alive, but would probably take the country for themselves if he should die. And in any case he would confer upon the leader of the band the Order of the Medjidieh, and would appoint the rest his bodyguard. It was a master stroke; the murderers dropped their arms and swore to defend the Khedive.

To many of us, however vividly it is presented, the tragedy of St. Petersburg is a thing remote. To one woman who will follow it in the English papers, however, it will be real and tragical enough. A full generation has passed since a wild Paris mob surged into the Tuilleries and attacked the palace. At a window, looking calmly upon the mob stood the Empress of France, Eugénie.

It was the end of an Empire. Napoleon III. had fallen at Sedan, had surrendered his sword and shattered his crown in an hour. Helpless among his troops, the Emperor sought in vain, when the day was lost, to stop the war. "Drop that rag. I mean to fight on," burst out his general, and the fallen sovereign was as nothing in the hour of his defeat. Far away in his capital his Empress faced the angry mob. The storm grew in strength around the palace, and Eugénie stood alone. Not one of those who should have been at her side was in his place. If the expected always happened, it should have been her last hour.

But there was one brain in the palace which saved that awful tragedy. M. de Lesseps was there. He had built the Suez Canal, and had seen the water rush through the sluice-gates. Flinging open the palace gates he waited one excited moment to see the consequences. It was as he hoped; the mob streamed through, instead of entering by the windows. The Empress made her way through half a mile of corridors to a side door, hailed a cab, drove to the house of an American dentist, and came in a private yacht to meet her husband on the friendly shores of England.

Never in the history of the world, perhaps, has there been known a more dramatic ending of a revolution than that which astonished the capital city of Wurtemberg more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The duke's palace was besieged by a mob. Stuttgart was in revolt, and a deputation forced its way into the presence of the duke. The deputation left in great excitement;

the civil population armed itself, and would have torn the duke to pieces. At any cost they would have their Constitution. Suddenly, in the dead of midnight, a greater power than kings or people can contradict intervened within the palace. The duke had died a natural death at the moment his people thirsted for his blood.

But the story of the world is full of dramatic moments. What, after all, is history but the record of moments and events which have been decided in them? It is to the honor of the human race that generally, at the supreme time, men have not failed. Metetrnich fled from Vienna, the Czar's father shut himself up at Gatchina in fear of assassination, and Isabella II. of Spain ran away from Spain after telegraphing to her Prime Minister that she was delighted to be rid of a nation of thieves and assassins. But Maximilian stayed in Mexico and died a hero; Napoleon went to Paris from Waterloo and would have fought the world again; and history is full of examples of rulers who, whether they could rule their people or not, could rule themselves in defeat.

The strong man is he who needs no revolution but is there not strength even in the recognition of weakness when revolution comes? We may at least claim wisdom, if not strength, for that picturesque figure whom a countryman in a little Holstein town took for a clown, and, going up to him, said: "When are you going to begin?" For him, unhappily, there was no more beginning. His supreme moment belonged to the past; he had marked it by stepping down from a European throne.

Stories of Stoessel.

STOESSEL'S telegram to the Emperor, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent, has created a profound reaction in his favor, particularly as the Russian public remember the many adventures that have marked this daring man's career. For example, in his early days, when a captain of the Imperial Dragoons, Stoessel was on duty at the Anitchkoff Palace, when one day passing through the splendid saloons he was amazed to encounter a gigantic Pole from Cracow. It is extraordinary, considering the elaborate precautions taken by the secret police, how many unauthorized and suspicious persons enter the Czar's many palaces with apparent impunity.

Stoessel questioned the man, first in Russian and then in Polish, and found that he had a petition to present relating to some real or fanciful wrong in the matter of an oil-well in the Caucasus, which was shooting out millions of poods per day. Captain Stoessel did his best to get rid of the man, and offered to take his petition and inquire into it. But the big Pole, denied access to the Imperial presence, at once became violent.

There was a tremendous struggle, the young officer doing everything possible to prevent the man drawing a knife. The unwelcome visitor, however, was fast overcoming his adversary, when, with a swift and resolute movement, Port Arthur's dogged defender tripped him and threw him to the polished parquet floor with a tremendous crash, which brought high and low officials and members of the secret police, running excitedly from all parts of the big palace.

An hour or so later the Nevski Prospekt was thronged with people; and the *Russ*, the *Novosti*, and other more or less enterprising journals were rushing out scare editions about attempted assassination. For which temerity, by the way, a few years ago the journals would have been wiped out of existence by the Imperial censor.

Another time Stoessel, now a full colonel, nearly lost his life crossing Lake Baikal in a tarantass. He was on his way to do some inspection duty, and had been assured at the last stage, or stage, that the ice was all right. A blinding snow-storm came on, however, and the driver lost his way. Suddenly, certainly not without considerable warning—the ice gave way in all directions, and the big cumbersome vehicle, with horses, driver, passenger and all, not to mention Colonel Stoessel's valuable papers and instruments, were precipitated into the lake.

Fortunately there are regular routes of travel across Lake Baikal (at one part of the year a light railway is even laid on the ice); and Stoessel, who, among his other accomplishments, is a rapid and powerful swimmer and a man of great physical toughness, was extricated from the icy water. The horses were, of course, drowned, as also was the driver, who was pretty full up with vodka, the national drink of the peasantry.

It is well known that some men get their fill of adventure. No sooner are they out of one than they are into another. Stoessel is one of these. He has been in command of troops, called out to quell more or less serious revolts, riots, and insurrections, more especially at Moscow and Nijni Novgorod during the progress of the famous fair at the last-named town. The Russian mobs, once roused, being particularly fierce and fanatical, more especially against authority, the hero of Port Arthur bears to this day on his head and face the marks of stones and other missiles hurled at him during these popular excitements.

Like Kuropatkin, General Stoessel has much experience not only of Siberia, from Cheliabinsk to Irkutsk, but he has also travelled extensively in the Central-Asian Khanates of Khiva and Bokhara, and has remained for a long time in the walled city of Kashgar preparing confidential reports for the War Office in St. Petersburg.

As long ago as 1892 (March, to be precise) this indomitable and travelling soldier visited Afghanistan and investigated the Indian frontier question; and it is rumored among the military clubs of the capital that he ridiculed the idea of Russia ever being able to descend upon India with any hope of success, even if Britain's unstable ally, the present Ameer, were not

House Founded 1785

"DRY MONOPOLE"

Finest Quality Champagne Produced

Walter R. Wonham & Sons, Montreal, Agents.

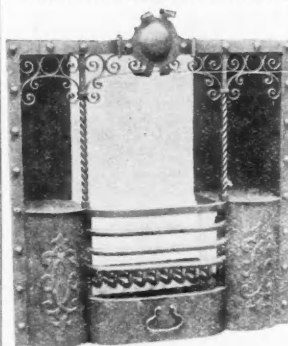


DESIGNS AND PRICES SUBMITTED ON

Decorative Grilles and Interior Hardwood Fittings.

Hurndall Novelty Furniture Co., Limited

Hayter and Tansley Sts. Toronto. Phone M. 533



Make the Fire-place Cheerful

It will pay you to visit our show-rooms, if you need Andirons, Fenders, Gas Logs and Fire-place fittings.

We manufacture Mantles from our own and Architects' Designs.

THE O'KEEFE MANTEL AND TILE CO.

97 Yonge Street.

Second Floor.

Established 20 Years

LE MAITRE'S

SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY

TUITION IN ALL THE VARIOUS BRANCHES

Individual instruction, with practical demonstration in

Posing, Lighting, Negative Making,

Development, Retouching, etc., etc.

Moderate Charges.

Start any Time.

For particulars call at

Studio: 688 Yonge Street

The Probabilities

are for Mild Weather

Take advantage of it to have the winter's dirt and grease washed from your windows.

The Toronto Window Cleaning Co. LIMITED

Telephone M. 1413.

Office—59 Victoria St.

drawing English money in Cabul.

On one of his journeys over the Trans-Siberian Road, Stoessel was held up for several days through a locomotive sinking into a morass which had not yet been "corduroyed" with the twig bundles used by the engineers in early stages of the construction.

The gallant general is constantly devising methods of amusing his men, and it is to his initiative that the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Don owe their curious pony races, which terminate by the sheepskin-clad and excited men pulling up abruptly at the foot of a precipitous mound of ice and snow, bearing an imperial flag at the top and climbing frantically up the steep and slippery sides, the one who first secures the flag being entitled to a ruble or two, and a few drinks.

Two or three years ago Stoessel, charged with an important mission of inspection, found himself in that most extraordinary of Siberian cities, Tobolsk, with its vast wide streets and champagne swilling aristocracy. For some reason best known to himself the general did not at first make his presence known, but stayed at the biggest and most pretentious of the hotels.

As every traveller in Siberia knows, it is a literal fact that cold water is less abundant and more expensive than strong drink in a Siberian hotel; and when early one morning Stoessel rang for the humble *muchik* and demanded a bath, the poor creature was aghast and called the landlord.

At first that worthy did not understand, but finally directed him to a little dribbling tap at one end of the corridor, with an ikon of Christ on one side of

it and a Virgin on the other and one of Czar Nicholas on the top. The general again expostulated, and said he wanted a "body bath." On this the proprietor looked hurt. He thought the request most unreasonable, and said so. "Great *barin*," he cried, in tones of quivering indignation, "you cannot think the great Amoor runs through the Hotel de l'Europe!"

Ten Below Zero or Seventy Above.

Why suffer with cold when in less than 72 hours you may be enjoying the sunshine of the "Sunny South," and in a few hours more, less than four days from Toronto, can be among the roses, flowers and fruit of Southern California. Round-trip tourist tickets, good nine months, with stop-over privileges, may be obtained at Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, or if you phone Main 4200, Mr. C. E. Horning, he will gladly send representative to your home and make any necessary arrangements.

A Southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, sub," she said, "it was jest the finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere, hundreds of guests, music, an' er hear er prayin'."

"Indeed," commented her master, "And I suppose Sambo looked as handsome as any of them."

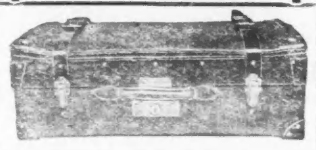
An embarrassed pause. "Well, no—not 'sactly, sir. Would yer believe it, dat fool nigger neber showed up!"

Don't waste your time. You will need it all before you die.



Bellogs Top Suit Cases

The kind of Suit Case you can pack to suit a long or short trip. Made in one quality only—the best.



24-inch—14.00
26-inch—15.00

Leather linings 2.00 extra.
Catalogue "S" mailed free.

Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co. Limited
105 KING ST. WEST.

An Epoch- Making Book

The Parochial School
A Curse to the Church
A Menace to the Nation

By Rev. Father Crowley

A Catholic Priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

"This book sounds a mighty warning to the American people to stand by the public schools without flinching."—THE EXAMINER, N.Y.

"AN APPALLING ACCOUNT OF PRIESTLY GRAFT, SACRILEGE AND IMMORALITY."—THE CANADIAN BAPTIST.

"A Startling book."—THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

"Sure to create a sensation."—LOS ANGELES TIMES.

Price One Dollar, at the Methodist Bookroom, the Church Bookroom, the Baptist Bookroom, Albert Britnell's, Yonge street, Toronto, Can., and all book-stores or for \$1.00 post-paid from

Rev. Father Crowley

Author and Publisher, Sherman House, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Toronto's Lovely and Youthful Women.

A charming visitor to Toronto remarked recently to one of our clever newspaper women, "How is it that the Toronto women are so lovely and youthful in appearance? It seems to me that each time I see them they have grown younger instead of older. Is it your climate that acts so beneficially on their complexions and figures? Of course, I suppose they use creams and things, the same as all our well-groomed women do, but we cannot keep ourselves looking like that with all our care." Our newspaper woman smiled and said, "Come with me to the Graham Dermatological Institute, have a face treatment and you will understand how we keep young." When the treatments were finished and the ladies had admired each other and themselves, the visitor remarked again, "Well now I do understand, and I think we ought to be able to get as good treatments in our city, but we do not. When I was abroad, the treatments I got, even in London, at the best places, seemed like mere child's play to those given by the ladies at the Graham Institute. After this I shall know what to do whenever I visit Toronto, and," turning to her friend, "I am glad you brought me, for to-night I shall be just as lovely as the others."

Phrases Authors Avoid.

There are scores of well-known phrases and a whole host of words which are taken exception to by many of the best-known authors. Nearly every prominent writer has some pet antipathy of speech. "Female" is a word which no novelist ever permits himself to use; whilst another will have nothing to do with "comical." "There is more than one word in the English language that absolutely makes me grit my teeth," says a well-known writer. "Galore" I detest, and "rotten" in its modern British application is a word I avoid. But my pet detestation is a harmless little fellow that goes by the name of "comical." That I cannot stand. The use of it by a writer makes me doubt his possession of a keenly analytical humorous sense.

The pet aversion of yet another writer is, "Sutting the action to the word." "If one," he says, "becomes a slave of hackneyed transitions—those well-worn stepping-stones of rhetoric—it will haunt him persistently, and follow him for years." "Genius," "fondle," and "nasty" are other words that are neither used nor liked by some literary men.



SOCIETY—

Mrs. Harry B. Stirling, (née Slaght) will receive for the first time since her marriage, the 3rd and 4th Tuesdays of this month, at 6 Pembroke street.

Mrs. C. H. Mortimer had a large gathering for tea on Thursday afternoon of last week, at her charming new home in Rosedale. The tea-room was beautifully decorated in yellow and white, lilies of the valley and daffodils adorning the tea-table. Mrs. E. F. Clarke presided, assisted by Miss Phyllis Clarke, Miss Graydon, Miss Smith and three other young ladies. Among those present were Mrs. Addison, Mrs. McIlroy, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Fred Kent, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Alexander, and Mrs. Graydon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Currie are now settled in their new home, 24 Tyndall avenue, where Mrs. Currie will receive on 1st and 3rd Thursdays for the balance of the season.

Mrs. Thomas Robertson and Mrs. Charles Riggs left on Sunday for California, where they will spend the next few months.

A correspondent writes: "The Temple Building will be aglow with music and entertainment on the evening of Friday, March 3, for the guests of Wilson Lodge A. F. & A. M. Invitations are being issued for their At Home, which has proved such a success in former years. Names of invited guests are being submitted through Mr. J. Alva Carveth, 434 Yonge street, secretary of the committee in charge."

The marriage took place on Thursday, February 9, in New York, of Miss Marjorie Johnston to Dr. A. H. Barsamian. The ceremony was performed at All Angels' Church, 81st street and West End avenue, by Rev. R. W. Ernest Merington, in the presence of relatives and friends, after which the couple left on an extended trip to Washington and Florida. The bride is well-known in Toronto, being a graduate of Bishop Strachan's and St. Monica's Schools, and was at the time of her marriage in her third year at Trinity University. She is the youngest daughter of the late Alexander Johnston, M. P. P., and Mayor of Strathroy. Dr. Barsamian is a well-known physician of New York, as were his father and grandfather. Upon their return from their honeymoon, the happy couple will reside in West 81st street, New York.

On Wednesday, February 8th, at Holy Trinity Church, Ottawa East, Miss Madge Souther, daughter of Mr. Alex. Souther of the Senate, was quietly married to Mr. T. Percival Johnson, son of Mr. E. V. Johnson, C.E. Only the immediate relatives were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Squire, rector of Holy Trinity, assisted by Rev. J. Fisher, brother-in-law of the groom. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion with white lilies, palms and evergreens. The boy choir was in attendance. Mrs. Fisher presided at the organ. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a smart traveling gown of brown broadcloth, with picture hat to match. She also wore handsome mink furs, the gift of the groom. She carried a prayer book. Miss Joan Souther attended her sister, wearing a rich brown velvet suit and white picture hat. She carried a shower bouquet of Lawson carnations. Mr. Jack McRae was best man. After a *recherche* wedding breakfast served at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left for the east, carrying with them the best wishes of a host of friends. Among the numerous and beautiful gifts received was a handsome oak cabinet of silver.

An event of interest to the Not-Outs was the dance given by Mrs. E. W. Lawrence, on St. Valentine's night, in honor of her niece Miss Kisa Poinsett. A novel feature was the programmes, being in true Valentine design. Among those who wended their way thither, despite the inclemency of the elements, were the Misses Clark, Ross, Webster, Holmes, Torrington, Dr. McMurty, Wheeler, Messrs. Rowell, Blackwell, Moore, Gibbs, D'Essterre, Green, Lee, Dow, Dr. Ross and others.

Fran von der Osten has left for Portland, Maine, to be away this and next month.

Miss Athol Boulton returned from a lengthy visit in Quebec, last week.

Three members, ladies or gentlemen, needed to complete a conducted party of twenty, going next summer to England, Scotland, Ireland, Isle of Man, Holland, the German Rhine, Belgium, and France. Everything paid from Toronto back to Toronto. Write at once to G. W. Johnson, Upper Canada College.

There is no more inviting field for the artist-designer than the arrangement of the beautiful lighting effects which are to be got from the use of the incandescent electric light.

The clumsy pendant chandelier, which was so much in use when gas and coal oil were the principal means of illumination available, is being superseded by a lighter and much more artistic style of fixture, employing the incandescent electric lamps for its lighting agent.

Sometimes the lights are arranged in a cluster and hung near the ceiling; in other cases, where it is desirable that the lights should be hung lower, the lighting clusters are suspended by means of a chain.

The display of electric fixtures in the show-rooms of the local electric light

Gerhard Heintzman PIANOS



The new Toronto home of Canada's premier piano and National Instrument at **97 Yonge St.** is so far completed as to be able to receive a very complete assortment of specially selected instruments which can now be seen and heard in surroundings in keeping with the piano that has gained for itself through honest merit, the confidence, respect and patronage of our best, musicians and musical institutions from ocean to ocean.

Attractive prices and terms are offered buyers, for entirely new instruments to make the first month a banner one for the **Gerhard Heintzman Piano** in the manufacturers' own new salesrooms at

97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Call or write at once for particulars.

BIGIO, HAZAN & CO.

CAIRO, EGYPT



IN SIZES AND QUALITIES TO SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS TASTES.
Toronto—The United Stores Company, Limited
Montreal—The Windsor Hotel.

company has been selected with great care, the aim of the management being to encourage the use of the electric light by showing its many advantages over all other forms of illumination from an artistic standpoint. Its hygienic advantages are too well known to need demonstration.

A True Nobleman.

The death of Judge Henry, C. White, a member of the Euclid Avenue Christian Church, Cleveland, and Judge of the Probate Court for seventeen years, removes a much loved man from a sphere of great usefulness and work. In all the charges of political life, his popularity always insured his return by the largest majority given any judicial candidate.

He was a man of stainless life, a citizen devoted to every public interest, an active Christian worker, a Sunday school teacher and a sympathetic friend to all.

For years he taught the young men's bible class in the Euclid Avenue Sunday school. His interest in the young fellows who listened to him was of a personal and friendly character, and application of the lesson always took an eminently practical turn. His duties in court brought him into intimate contact with many scenes of suffering, and his warm heart always melted at sight of human need. The unfortunate went to him, ever certain of his help. He was generous for beyond his ability.

He was usually prompt to offer himself and his means for the advancement of every good cause. His friends used to say to him that he was in danger of being imposed upon by importunate people, who came to him with stories of distress and appealed for aid. He would reply, "As long as I do not know that they are insincere, it is all right. I want to answer every call for help." The immense throng that came through the storm to do him honor at the funeral, where officials of state and city joined the pastor in loving tributes to the dead jurist, marked the high esteem in which he was held.

Dr. Willett tells the story of his life in the Christian Century. He says in part:

"When about fifteen years of age, he entered what is now Hiram College, supplied with small funds he had saved from his daily work. That money lasted him through three terms. At the end of that time he was compelled to work, and for four years he was driver on the canal.

With the proceeds of his work as canal boy, he was enabled to spend three more years at Hiram, under the tutelage of James A. Garfield. He counted President Garfield as among his dearest friends. After his graduation at Hiram, he entered the law department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor in 1862. In the meantime,

war had broken out, and the judge had endeavored to enlist in the navy. His eyesight was poor, however, and he was rejected. He graduated at Ann Arbor in 1864, and returned to Cleveland to take up the practice of law.

Being without funds to carry him over the initial period of law practice, he entered the office of the clerk of the courts. He remained in the clerk's office for ten years.

He was Probate Judge for seventeen years. In all his work he took delight in his efforts for the Civic Federation. He was a member of the Cleveland branch, and devoted a great deal of his time to its welfare. He was a trustee of Hiram College, and also of the Garfield memorial. He was one of the charter members of the old board of trade, now the Chamber of Commerce; a trustee of Hiram House and was instrumental in the establishment of Goodrich house.

His one fad in private life was the collection of curiosities and literature bearing on the Arctic regions. He had what is considered the most complete collection of Arctic souvenirs in any private collection in the country. He took great pleasure in entertaining the Norwegian explorers, Nansen and Lieut. Peary, on occasions of their visits to Cleveland. In connection with his love for this subject he had for some time been vice-president for Ohio of the Archeological Society of America. He was a member of the Medical-Legal association of New York, and was an ex-president of the Old Settlers' association of this country."

Dr. Neils Finsen, of Copenhagen, who died recently, at the early age of forty-three, has left a priceless legacy to the world in his discoveries of the curative power of light and heat in the disease of lupus. A London contemporary gives some details of his life, which was singularly self-sacrificing and noble. Of very weak constitution, and knowing for years that his days must be few, he expended all his failing strength in the cause of suffering humanity. He wedded himself to poverty and labor long ago, gave forth each item of his knowledge as he proved it, made no money by his discoveries; which might have produced fortune as well as fame, subsisted on a pension conferred on him by the Danish government, and is now dead, one of the heroes and martyrs of which the medical profession can be so justly proud. Queen Alexandra took the keenest interest in Professor Finsen's work, and presented a set of his apparatus to the London Hospital, where it may be seen in daily use. Queen Alexandra, the King of Denmark, and other members of the Royal family at Copenhagen attended the funeral, and King Edward and the Kaiser sent wreaths.—Record of Christian Work.

Reliable Tourist Ticket Office.

At the Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, you may obtain information, tickets, and make necessary arrangements for tickets covering all the principal resorts of America, or for all-round-the-world tours. C. E. Horning is the passenger agent. Phone Main 4209.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births

BELCHER—Toronto Junction, Feb. 3, wife of J. T. Belcher, a son.
DEAN—Toronto, Feb. 8, wife of E. S. Dean, a son.
MACKINNON—Toronto, Feb. 13, wife of John S. MacKinnon, a son.
SCADDING—Toronto, Feb. 12, wife of W. R. Scadding, a son.
SCOTT—Port Perry, Feb. 8, wife of Rev. George Scott, a daughter.

Marriages

BARSAMIAN—JOHNSTON—New York, Feb. 9, at All Angels' Church, 81st street and West End avenue, by Rev. R. W. Ernest Merington, Marjorie Johnston to Dr. A. H. Barsamian.
DONALDSON—McLEAN—Eric, Feb. 8, Ella Amanda McLean to Robert A. Donaldson.

Deaths

DEEGAN—Toronto, Feb. 11, Michael Deegan, aged 53 years.
EARL—Toronto, Feb. 12, William Earl, aged 85 years.
GARDE—Toronto, Feb. 12, Francis C. Garde, aged 52 years.
HUNTER—Suddenly, at St. Augustine, Fla., on Saturday morning, Feb. 11, George T. Hunter, M.D., of New York and Toronto. Funeral (private) on Wednesday, 15th February, from his mother's residence, 22 Avenue place. Montreal papers please copy.
MCARTHUR—Toronto, Feb. 13, William M. McArthur, aged 70 years.
PARKER—Toronto, Feb. 12, John Charles Parker, aged 52 years.
SINCLAIR—Toronto, Feb. 12, Arthur Hallam Sinclair, M.A., LL.B., Second—Rotterdam, N.Y., Feb. 12, George Canning Secord, aged 77 years.
WINTERBOTTOM—Niagara-on-the-Lake, Feb. 7, Frances Sibbald Winterbottom.
MOWAT—Stratford, Feb. 10, William Mowat.
WOOD—Cobourg, Feb. 10, Henry Tunstall Wood, M.D.S., aged 78 years.

By Chas. M. Henderson & Co.

Unparalleled
Gigantic

Auction Sale OF GENUINE TURKISH AND PERSIAN RUGS

Amounting to Over
\$25,000

COMPRISING:

Carpets, Camel's Hair and Silk Throne Palace Rugs, Boukharas, Daghistans, Anatolians, Kazaks, Shirvans, Damascus and Benares, Brassware, Carved and Inlaid Syrian Furniture, etc., etc., on

Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday

21st, 22nd and 23rd of February, at 2.30 each day.

AT THE

Oriental Art Rooms

40 King St. East
(OPPOSITE KING EDWARD)

Our Mr. Henderson has received instructions from Mr. Babayan, of Messrs. Courian, Babayan & Co., to sell a large and valuable stock of the above goods.

A rare opportunity presents itself of procuring real gems in high-class Oriental goods, as the sale is positively unreserved. Owing to the heavy purchases made by their agent in Constantinople, which are now arriving, will make this the most attractive auction sale of art goods ever held in Canada. Out-of-town purchasers will receive special attention.

The entire collection will be on view three days previous to sale.

Sale at 2.30 each day.

Chas. M. Henderson & Co.
Auctioneers.



The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

will send a man to measure your bed and send the mattress subject to thirty days' trial. If not satisfactory you can have your money returned and the mattress removed.

It is absolutely the
Most Comfortable Mattress
and the only healthy one you can use. Send for Catalogue.
Phone M in 4533
261 King Street West.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
369 Yonge Street Phone M. 679.

W. H. STONE
Undertaker
343 YONGE STREET.
Phone Main 952.

Established 1869
DANIEL STONE
The Leading Undertaker
Phone M. 931 355 Yonge Street